LONE TREE AREA COUNCIL
GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
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OAK PARK, ILLINOIS 60304
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JULIETTE LOW
AND THE GIRL SCOUTS

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

JULIETTE LOW

Founder in the United States, of the Girl Scouts

"And she builded an Altar and served by the
light of her Vision—
Alone, without hope of regard or reward,
but uncowed . . ."

From Debits and Credits,
by Rudyard Kipling.

JULIETTE LOW

AND THE GIRL SCOUTS

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN
1860–1927

Edited by

ANNE HYDE CHOATE

and

HELEN FERRIS

PUBLISHED FOR
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cop. 2

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FOREWORD

DAISY LOW

She gave the lead.

She is not dead if we but keep alive the spirit that was hers.

LOVE And that spirit was in very truth the spirit that we would infuse into our girls to-day—the spirit of Love. Love that should be the basis of our every act and deed; love that should be so broadminded as to bridge the rifts of country, class, and creed; love for others so true and constant as to oust the too prevaling love of self.

HUMOR Her sense of humor too was great. Not the mere idle joy of laughter but the gift to see things in their right proportions, such that gives the courage (which she possessed in notable de-

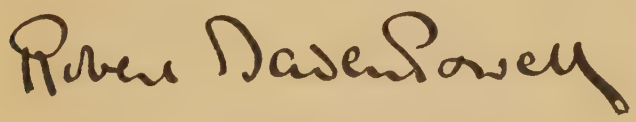
COURAGE gree) to face the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune of which she had her share to an extent perhaps unknown except to those who were her intimates.

KEENNESS Markedly too she had that energy and the keen desire to do the right which was almost

fierce in its intensity, but never so extreme as to impair her commonsense. COMMON-SENSE

It was largely thanks to these qualities in that one great-hearted woman that Scouting took its root and gained the widespread power for good it holds to-day among the girlhood of America. ACHIEVE-MENT

The best memorial then that we of either race can raise to her is to keep her line of aim and action bright and living, and, making it our own, to pass it on to all our girls.



K.C.B., G.C.V.D., LL.D.

Founder of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides.

Pax Hill
Bentley
Hampshire.

June, 1927.

I

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

Juliette Low's own recollection of her girlhood days.

I

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

By Juliette Low

THE first recollection of my childhood takes me back to the age of two years, when I appeared on the stage of the Savannah Theater, in some charity tableaux, in the rôle of Puck. I recollect distinctly pulling the donkey ears of Bottom, and, clothed only in a pair of gauze wings and a Roman sash, I was given such an ovation of applause that, frightened by the unexpected noise, I wept and had to be hastily banished from the scene!

But I remember the year 1864 as vividly as if I had been fourteen instead of three years old. In that year Savannah, which had been besieged for months, surrendered to the enemy, and Sherman's army marched through the city. I can even now feel the thrill and hear the tramp of the tired troops. My colored nurse waked me from a sound sleep, wrapped me in the blanket

of my crib bed, rushed with me to the balcony. Here we peeped through the green jalousies, and I saw for the first time real live Yankees, thousands and thousands of them! My "Mormer" (nurse) admired the blue uniforms and the music of the band, but I indignantly said: "They's playing 'When This Cruel War Is Over' and they's doing it all themselves!"

Later in the week General Sherman called on my mother. He had known her before her marriage. He asked if he could be of use to her, and I remember that he had with him an officer who had lost his arm. He took me on his knee, and with childish curiosity I inquired about the loss of that gentleman's arm.

"Got it shot off by a Rebel!" was the laconic explanation.

"I s'pose my father did it," I artlessly exclaimed. "He shot lots of Yankees." My mother hurried me from the room!

One of our old slaves, Nancy, without my grandmother's knowledge, hastily made Bené cakes, molasses candy, and wafers, and took the tray of dainties into the street, where she sold them to the soldiers. Triumphantly, she brought the money to my grandmother, for we had been nearly starved during the siege. And although

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

Little Daisy Gordon is in the center, with her sister Alice and her brother Willy

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

Built in Savannah, Georgia, in 1819, this beautiful Southern house is the one in which Juliette Low was born

her orders had been that no servant was to communicate with the troops, Nancy excused herself to Granny.

"Mars Sherman can't tell dat I give you de money, ole Miss," she said. "You leave Mars Sherman 'lone. De Debil knows who b'longs to him and he'll take care of his own!"

A military proclamation ordered every white woman and child to leave Savannah within a limited time. The country was swarming with disbanded troops, and railroad trains were crammed with soldiers. The journey from Savannah to Chicago was undertaken by my mother, for her only refuge was with her own people in Chicago. And under escort of her young brother, a Northern officer, we traveled for days and days without rest or proper food.

The privations and strain of this journey brought on an attack of brain fever, and for weeks I was delirious and at death's door. We three little sisters were so much more like scarecrows than human beings that one of my mother's girlhood friends said to another, "Have you seen Nelly Kinzie's children? They have tow-colored hair and clay-colored skins, and they look like the poor white trash of the South."

When this criticism was repeated to my mother, she remarked, "Well, this is the first time I ever heard So-and-so speak the truth." With better food and rest, however, we improved.

I remember the Indians who used to pass through Chicago en route to Washington, for they always camped on Grandfather John Kinzie's grounds, and my Grandmother Kinzie always gave them refreshments—lemonade, chocolate, cakes, and other dainties. Grandfather was the government agent for the Indians, and because he paid them in silver they named him "Shawniawkie," which means Silver Man. My grandmother was called by them, "Little-Ship-under-Full-Sail," a name that my family sometimes applies to me!

My next recollections skip over a number of years and bring me to the summers we used to spend on the plantation in the north of Georgia. There were three adjoining estates, and the cousins who lived on these three plantations made up a group of twenty boys and girls. We had one governess, who taught us all in the grove, where we had a schoolhouse under the walnut trees, and along the side of this grove was the peach orchard. Our greatest game was to play

that the schoolhouse was a hotel where "Peach Gobble," a sort of purée of peach and mulberry wine, was sold for paper money. Our two eldest boy cousins pretended they were street-car conductors; one drove the goat cart with two handsome cashmere goats, and the other street car was the donkey cart with a gray and lazy donkey. In turns we drove to the river and paid paper money for the fares, and our game usually ended in a hilarious swim through the rapids of the Etowah River.

The first organization I ever founded was a club that we formed in the winter of 1876. The cousins who lived next door to us in Savannah rigged up a telephone (this was long before the invention of the real telephone, and we called it our telegraph), which consisted of two tomato cans covered with vellum and with a string passed through them. One can was kept in our house, the other next door, and when any important business of the club was transacted, we took the greatest care first to send the message over the way by a servant, then to telephone it. So it came to pass that what was shouted through the tin cans was always understood!

The name of the club was Helpful Hands; its

object was to help others. The first job we found for ourselves was to make garments for an Italian family who had a fruit stall and whose children were in rags. I arranged to give the club instructions in sewing, and collected the members in a circle about me, each one facing me. By some curious mischance I forced them all to thread their needles with their left hands! So we got the name of "Helpless Hands." Unfortunately, our work was not a complete success, because the Italians were of very warlike tempers, and in one battle which took place in our lane the sleeves of the watermelon pink calico garment came completely out, and the boy discarded the garment altogether, racing home *sans culottes,* pursued by the policeman.

We had great fun in our club, but it was broken up in the summer of 1876, when the yellow fever epidemic came to Savannah. My father remained to nurse the people, but he sent my mother and us children away. We left a perfectly silent, almost deserted city, nothing to be seen in the streets except hearses carrying away the dead. Our little Italian protégés fell the first victims, and one of our club members, a beautiful girl of ten years, also died of the scourge.

When I was fourteen years old and was staying at the plantation, I had my first grown-up callers. I had traveled South with two young West Point cadets, who represented themselves as being Yankees and bitter enemies of Rebels! They were in reality both Southerners and lived on a plantation about ten miles from Etowah. One summer's day I had climbed a high tree in the park and was perched on a seat in the topmost branch reading the exciting book "Uncle Silas," by Justin Le Fanu, when I saw a buggy drive beneath me. I did not, however, recognize its occupants. I thought they were, of course, calling on my aunt. Presently Janette, a sprightly young negress, called me. I was rushed back to the house, clothed in a clean pique dress heavily embroidered in white braid, finished on the edge of the basque with Tom Thumb fringe. My hair, which was bobbed, was slicked down and I was ushered into the drawing room.

For the first time in my life I felt shy and self-conscious! I remembered that on the train one of these boys had told me that I had "liquid brown eyes" and the other had declared that a scar which disfigured my brow was really "a great beauty spot." I also remembered that they had represented themselves as sworn enemies

of the South, so it swept over me that my two would-be admirers were two very untruthful, dangerous men, and I must have sadly disappointed them if they expected the same lively sallies and caustic repartee with which I had entertained them on the voyage South! For I was tongue-tied, and thus the first glimpse of grown-up life was for me a dismal failure.

After the cadets had departed my brother tried to reassure me when I asked him if I looked very ugly. He said: "Sister, you looked so nice none of us recognized you."

II

MY LITTLE SISTER

With but two years' difference in their ages, Eleanor Gordon and her younger sister, Daisy, were inseparable. Now Mrs. R. Wayne Parker, Eleanor Gordon tells of her little sister as she remembers her.

II

MY LITTLE SISTER

By Eleanor Gordon Parker

I WAS only two years and one month old when the great event took place, but I can still remember clearly just how I made my first announcement of it. Full of excitement, I was playing with my nurse in front of the house when I saw my father's partner across the street. I stopped my game and called loudly, demanding that he come over at once. He did so, whereupon I made him kneel down so that I could whisper in his ear, "My mamma has a little baby, and it's a sister."

I was impatient for my sister to be old enough to play in the garden with me. When at last she was permitted to do so, I was wild with delight. How we loved that garden with its violet-bordered paths, its pink azaleas, its snowdrops, its coral and white and pale pink camellias, its violets and its century plants. And

how we delighted in the yucca trees and the fig tree and the pomegranate tree and the screen of bamboo trees at the back. One tree, whose name fails me, gave us each a private apartment among its leaves, with a drawing room in which a thick branch was our davenport and a slender branch our piano. I seem to remember this tree as always green, and when it was in flower its small white blossoms were spicy and fragrant.

The young Negro children of our servants were our constant playmates. Pretty little black Hetty was my own favorite, and one incident in which she figured stands out to this day. All the little Negro children had Sunday school in my grandmother's room. It seems that Hetty was unruly one Sunday and for punishment Grandmother put her in a corner, going on to other things and forgetting all about her. I happened by the room, and, hearing a sob, found that my Hetty was being punished. I rushed to Grandmother, forgot all my manners, and vociferously denouncing such cruelty was vociferously seconded by Daisy.

It was not long, however, before the cloud of war hung over us all. We knew it to be the Civil War, but what it was we had not the slightest

idea, nor could we ever understand why Father and our uncle fought on one side, while my mother's brothers and uncles were in the other army. Yet we felt it all keenly. There was the departure of our father and our uncle, a sad day for us all. There was their return, wounded. Childlike, we were so happy to have them back and wounds meant so comparatively little to us that our chief interest promptly became the dressing of the wounds each day. Daisy and I always begged to be present when the dressing occurred.

Part of our daily programme was to go for a walk with our nurse. Daisy and I much preferred playing in the garden. So on the day Father again departed for the front we seized upon the sadness and distraction of the grown-ups about us to run to our favorite tree at walk time. Our truancy was not as unobserved as we had anticipated. We were discovered, bathed, dressed, and made to take the usual dull walk. Daisy's tears of disappointment were gentle, but I howled.

Every time we met a woman upon the street, invariably she would stop before us and ask, "What is the matter with these children?"

Our black nurse would proudly answer, "Der Pa don gone back to de Front to-day and dey's sorrowful."

Whereupon the women would join our weeping. So did the others who happened to be passing. And to be the objects of such pity almost consoled us for the lost playhouse.

Our bad and scanty food caused us to break out in boils, for which the prescribed remedy was sulphur and molasses, a dose daily. We thought this a delicious treat, to which we looked forward with as much joy as a Girl Scout does to a chocolate sundae. The nutritious peanut was considered, even in those starving days, unhealthy. I ate a peanut, told a lie about it, and to this day that lie haunts me, although I was but four years old when I told it. Daisy would have wept over the reproof but would not have told a lie.

Our journey North after Sherman had entered Savannah made an indelible impression upon us all. During the firing upon the city, Mother's own uncle, a Northern general, had led the bombardment which sent shells into our back yard. None of us knew this, of course, until later. When Sherman took Savannah, he put a guard over our house to protect it and sent a

flag of truce to Mother so that she might go to Father and secure his permission for Sherman to send us all North. In time, however, we were back in our Southern home, a reunited family.

So many pictures come back to me of my little sister Daisy! When I was about nine years old, I slapped her. Her big brown eyes looked at me reproachfully, but she turned away without a word. Neither of us ever spoke of it, and I am sure she forgot it promptly. She never knew what it was to bear malice to anyone.

I can remember another incident when we were having a cold spell in Savannah. Daisy and I slept together, and each of us had a doll with a hard china head and black hair. Presently Daisy said, "My doll is freezing. I have put her inside my nightgown. Where is your doll? You'd better put her inside, too." When I refused, Daisy was indignant and slept all night with two hard china balls against her breast.

Our first school was that of Mam'selle Lucile Blois who, with the help of her sister Marguerite, taught our whole family, boys and girls, and our friends as well. I was ahead of Daisy in school but we both learned to read from the same book, *Little Tales for Very Little Children,* written in words of three letters, so the fly-

leaf said, and published in 1853. I can still repeat whole pages of it—"The Cat and the Hen," "A Cat in a Bag," "Sam and his Dog," "Red Leg," "Bob and Tom Lee."

Daisy was conscientious about her lessons, but she always had so many irons in the fire that I cannot remember her as being especially enthusiastic about any one of them. The Helpless Hands Club was but one of the many projects she was forever initiating. And, in connection with that club, I clearly recall that when she organized it and announced herself as the instructor of sewing, she did not know how to sew herself! But she learned.

We always loved visiting our grandfather in Chicago, in those days a city of wooden pavements. His house and grounds covered a square block, with as many fascinating places for our games as in Savannah or Etowah Cliffs. Indians were frequent callers upon Grandfather, who spoke thirteen Indian dialects and was regarded by them as a man whose opinion was friendly and valuable.

Once when we were there a party of Indians on their way to Washington, D. C., appeared in the garden. They were dressed in full regalia, and Daisy and I were especially intrigued by a

squaw who had a papoose and a small boy with her. They were going to Washington to take up some questions concerning their land rights, and they wished to consult our grandfather upon the points that were to be discussed.

Daisy and I were banished from the scene, but we took up our stand behind a trellis thickly covered with honeysuckle. Here we could hear and see everything. Grandfather sat upon a soap box, the Indians in a circle upon the ground. For a long time after they had taken their places, not a word was spoken. Since ours was a very talkative family, Daisy and I were sure something must be wrong with Grandfather, although he looked quite well, seated calmly upon his soap box.

At last the Chief spoke. He talked at length, stopped, and another long silence ensued. Then a second Indian spoke, followed by silence. And the council continued in just that way until every Indian had spoken and Grandfather had added his opinion at the end. Daisy always said Grandfather had plenty of time to make up his mind!

Anything unusual always fascinated Daisy, and I am sure it was this trait in her which aroused her interest, as a very little girl, in the

many superstitions of our Negro servants. She believed in them then, she believed in them all her life. I remember how, the year she came out in Savannah, she was riding with one of our grooms whom we called Sawed-Off Johnny because of his extremely short legs. In the South, during the winter, snakes are drowsy creatures, and Daisy and Johnny came upon a sleepy rattler, six feet long, stretched indifferently across the road.

Daisy stopped. "Johnny," she directed, "get one of those fence rails and kill that snake."

Johnny was terrified. "Oh, no, ma'am, Miss Daisy, I ain' a-gwine kill dat snake."

Daisy argued. Johnny trembled but was firm. Then Daisy got down, secured the rail, and killed the snake, which had eight or ten rattles. When she brought them home I said, "But why didn't you just go on and leave the snake alone?"

To which she replied with great earnestness, "Nellie, don't you know that a snake across the road means an enemy in your path?"

Foltz Studio , Savannah, Ga.

Eleanor and Juliette's mother, Eleanor Kinzie Gordon, painted when she was eighteen, two years before her marriage. Juliette herself made this copy from the original portrait by G. B. A. Healy.

The London Stereoscopic Co., London, England

Eleanor and Juliette's father, William W. Gordon, in 1865, at the time when he was a Captain in the Confederate Army

"I remember exactly how I looked as a child," Juliette Low declared one day, years later. "I'll prove it"—and drew this picture. "There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "See that nose?"

The rambling old house was built above the gray cliffs rising sheer from the Etowah River

These paper dolls were made by Daisy and Caroline Stiles and were copied from Eight Cousins *at that time running serially in* St. Nicholas

III

TWENTY COUSINS IN THE SUMMER-TIME—AND DAISY LOW ONE OF THE COUSINS

This story of Daisy's summers at Etowah Cliffs is told by her cousin, Caroline Stiles Lovell, who shared them with her.

III

TWENTY COUSINS IN THE SUMMER-TIME—AND DAISY LOW ONE OF THE COUSINS

By Caroline Stiles Lovell

EVERY year the three Gordon girls, Nellie, Daisy, and Alice, came up from Savannah to spend the summer with their Aunt Eliza, Mrs. W. H. Stiles, at the old Stiles home in northern Georgia. Etowah Cliffs was seven miles from the little town of Cartersville in Bartow County, and the big rambling old house was built above the gray cliffs rising sheer from the Etowah River. From the long double piazzas in front, the river could be seen through a vista in the trees as far south as the Shoals, a half mile beyond.

After the war the two Stiles families, the William Henry and the Robert Stiles, shared the big house between them, and in summer there were as many as twenty children at The Cliffs, for in addition to the Savannah Gordons,

the four Gordon boys from Huntsville, Alabama, also came.

It was an ideal life for children. The viewpoint of the grown-ups is not known. They did not come into our world. We spent our lives out-of-doors in the grove and the park and on the cliffs. Back of the house were the rose gardens and the fruit orchard. And then came our woods, miles of tall pines stretching off as far as you could see across the Georgia country, with its soft sand roads and the redness of the soil everywhere. There the ground was bright with wild flowers of many kinds, blue Quaker ladies and Johnny Jump-ups in their season, and many others. Often we would throw ourselves down upon the bed of pine needles, listening to the *sush* of the wind through the branches above us, smelling the tangy fragrance of the pines and looking off toward the distant mountains.

And sometimes we girls played with the boys and sometimes we didn't! When the game was Indians, with the boys hunting in the woods, shooting tin-tipped arrows from their bows and slashing their enemies, the bushes, to pieces, we girls were apt to retire from the scene. But once, I remember, we insisted upon joining this warfare—to the disgust of the boys. They named

me "Sherman" and snickered every time they addressed me. As I was entirely innocent of the indignity, the ruse did not work. So they tried another. They declared that Daisy was a Yankee spy and proceeded to treat her accordingly. They lifted her up and crammed her through a knot hole in an oak tree. She was very small and only the tip of her sharp little nose could be seen as she tried to peer out from her uncomfortable prison. But she was very plucky and did not give in. So at last her prison-keepers relented and hauled her out. We girls then left the boys alone in their glory and the incident ended our playing Soldiers. So far as we were concerned, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Ashby, and the other gallant Rebels could do what they pleased!

There was one game, however, which was popular with us all and at which we played days at a time. The Henry Stiles boys had two angora goats and a wagon seating four. The Robert Stiles boys had two donkeys, Capatilla and Albert Victor, and a donkey cart. We used the schoolhouse in the nut grove as a hotel kept by one of the Huntsville Gordon boys and one of the Stiles girls, whom we named Grisley and Mary Anne. We purchased food and lodgings from them, with paper money feverishly manu-

factured at night, and paid fare to the rival livery stables for our many excursions. The older girls adopted the younger children to provide families. Daisy was my eldest son, called "Davie," and very ingenious in being naughty. It was a point of honor not to touch the peaches, apples, grapes, and other fruit during the game, as Grisley and Mary Anne sold them to us under various fancy names, such as "Peach Gobble."

After a session of hotel keeping, we used to romp off for a glorious swim beginning at the Shoals in water ankle deep and ending a quarter of a mile below where the depth was twenty feet. Ten or twelve of us were expert swimmers and usually sang lustily in transit.

Then, of course, we girls had our own delightful out-of-door games. We lived in trees, and in the big old ivy tree on the grass each of us had her special room. The orchard, too, was familiar ground, and, from the first ripe cherries to the last mealy pears, we climbed the trees and feasted, winding up on top of the scuppernong arbors in the fall.

And always we adored acting, with Daisy by far the most gifted among us. She recited well, was a born mimic, and a perfect actress. I remember one of our earliest plays, which took

place in an empty room where there was a large four-poster bed. At this time we did not write our plays, but improvised them. Daisy was again a Yankee spy, hiding under the bed. She was dragged out by the hair of her head, and, though her eyes were filled with tears from the pain, she never forgot her part, but sang with spirit "Hang old Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," as she was hung to the bedpost.

We had what we called our circus trunk, filled with a collection of old finery. Our most treasured possession was a ballet dress with many pinked skirts of yellow tarlatan. Nellie Gordon, being the most quick-witted of the lot, generally claimed it first, and I remember once seeing her seated high in a hickory-nut tree, with the yellow skirts outspread, as a carriage-ful of visitors drew up underneath.

As time went on, our tableaux became more elaborate, and we began to write our own plays. Daisy, being our star actress, usually took several parts, making lightning changes of costume in a small space back of a suspended sheet. Changes from panties, with strips of gold paper pasted down the sides, to a chemise with a blue sash tied across the shoulder and under the arm, ending in a gorgeous brown silk of her mother's,

with panniers and a train that swept the floor.

Mary Queen of Scots was our *chef d'œuvre*. It took place in the harness room and the boys were graciously allowed to draw the curtains. Twenty-five cents admission was charged—to be given to the missionaries—and we had, I remember, a large and convulsed audience. The climax was reached when Queen Mary was beheaded. She literally lost her head, poor thing, for the artificial head was so heavy to hold it fell off as she laid it on the block. Instantly Nellie, the quick-witted, brought down the executioner's ax, and dashed pokeberry juice from a bottle over the headless corpse, for blood. It was days before the unfortunate queen could get the sticky juice out of her hair.

As we grew older, the Rocks were our favorite playground. Up the river, dark under overhanging trees, was a great gray boulder which we named "The Monastery." Here we played "Nuns." Nellie was the Mother Superior, and we sang as we walked in line to mass, the chant, probably composed by Daisy:

"Ah-be-ce-darian.
Sac-ri-men-tarian
Ben-e-di-cite. Ah-a-a-men."

Just below the old house was the Castle of Redclyffe, next to Termination, the sheerest, highest cliff of all. The castle of Redclyffe was our most delightful rock for it had ledges at various heights for rooms, natural stairways, even a beautiful little tower overlooking the water. Here we played "The Heir of Redclyffe," which Nellie adapted. She was, of course, Guy, Gulie Stiles was Amy, and the rest of us were the minor characters.

Daisy had a great deal of talent for art, and she and I were continually making paper dolls. I drew and she painted all of the Eight Cousins, with which we, and our little sisters after us, played for years.

Later on, when the Robert Stiles family moved to their new home Malbone, a quarter of a mile from Etowah Cliffs, I began to edit the *Malbone Bouquet,* a monthly magazine, which lasted for five years. All of the contributors were children, and all took the names of flowers as their *noms de plume.* Daisy was, of course, a daisy. She was our most gifted writer and illustrator, and contributed many amusing poems and well-drawn pictures.

One of her contributions was "The Piggy," written when she was eight or nine years old as

a protest against the "Sanford and Merton" and "Little Rollo" stories, which the children were forced to read, and which they disliked intensely on account of their sanctimonious tone, and the moral at the end of each.

The Piggy

I was passing by a pig-stye,
When I heard a piggy say,
"I would like to live in rubbish,
Forever and a day."

But his mother she reproved him,
"You're a little idle sot."
Then the Piggy answered rudely,
"Now, you hush up, I'm not."

Then the mother bit his pigtail,
Till the blood began to flow.
Wasn't she a cruel mother,
To treat her Piggy so?

Then the Piggy, he repented,
And said he'd be no more
Such an idle little Piggy,
As he had been before.

Soon his mother she relented
And then became quite kind,

And for his dinner gave him
Half a water-melon rind.

Since, in passing by that pigstye,
I have never heard him say
He would like to live in rubbish
Forever and a day.
MORAL: Spare the rod and spoil the child! ! !

At that time she and I adored the drawings of Addie Ledyard, whose style we endeavored to copy. We finally wrote and illustrated a poem called "The Months" and had the audacity to send it to *St. Nicholas*. Strange to say, we received a very kind letter—with its return—from the editor, Mary Mapes Dodge.

But all things change in this world. The twenty children grew up and scattered. Other children took their places on the plantation. But to the last year of her life, Daisy Low never forgot Etowah Cliffs, and whenever she returned to the South she paid a visit, if only a flying one, to her beloved Aunt Eliza.

IV

DAISY GOES TO BOARDING SCHOOL

At a French boarding school in New York City, dressed in a black apron, Daisy Gordon met the girl who became her lifelong friend—Abby Lippitt, now Mrs. Duncan Hunter.

IV

DAISY GOES TO BOARDING SCHOOL

By Abby Lippitt Hunter

THE boarding school where I met Daisy and which we attended together was on East Thirty-sixth Street in New York City, and you cannot imagine a greater contrast than that between it and girls' boarding schools to-day. It was the school of the Mlles Mathilde and Fannie Charbonnier, "The Charbs" was our nickname for them, two Frenchwomen who had lost their money in the War of 1870 and who had come to this country to open a French school for American girls. They had formerly conducted a very fine school at Neuilly, France, and I am sure ours must have been a reproduction of that school in every detail except the school building!

For our school was indeed French. We not only talked nothing but French, we not only

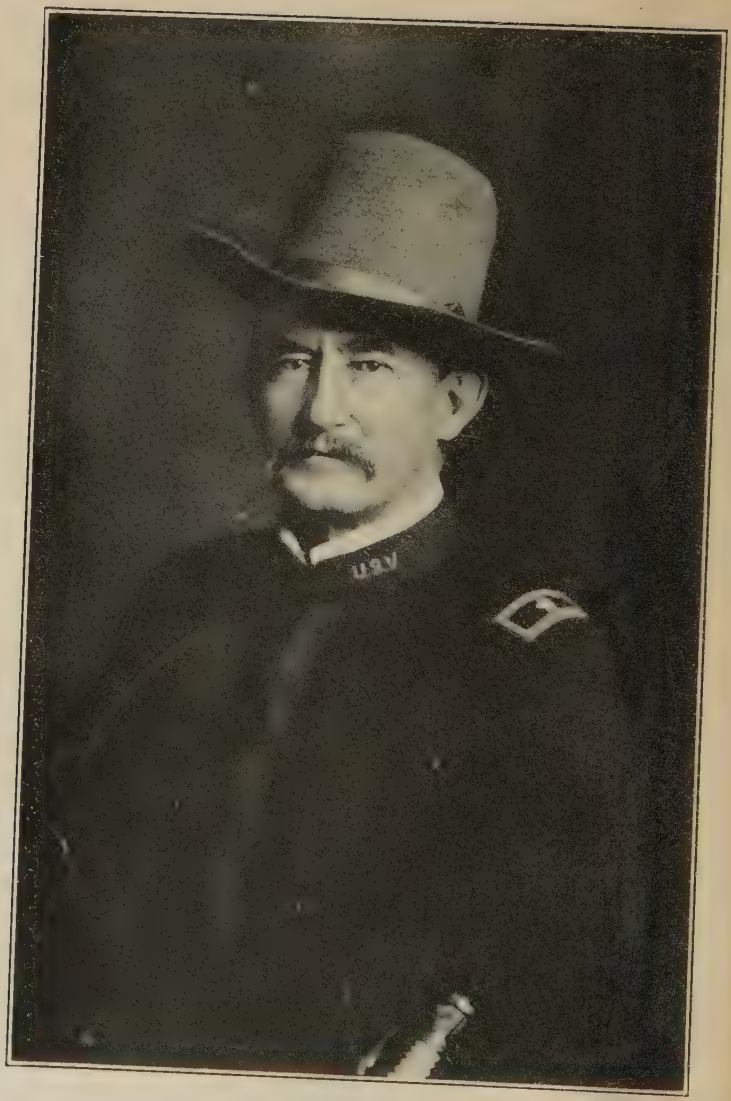
studied chiefly French history from the thickest history book I have ever seen, we dressed like French girls in black aprons all day long to keep our dresses clean. Daisy was eighteen or nineteen when I met her there, but she wore her black apron, too. I smile to think of it. Daisy Low in a black apron!

Boarding-school life for us was not the lively affair it is now. There were fourteen of us boarders in our school, with sixty-five day pupils. For our daily exercise we were marched sedately out and up Madison Avenue, in pairs with not a girl stepping from line. Two by two, in charge of a vigilant teacher, we sallied forth. Once, tiring of Madison Avenue, we begged to be allowed to walk on Fifth. After grave deliberation Mlles Fannie and Mathilde announced that our request was granted. Alas, after our having had but one enchanting Fifth Avenue stroll, the teacher in charge returned to report that we had looked entirely too hard at the Fifth Avenue young men. And back to Madison Avenue we were whisked forthwith, never again to return to the allurements of Fifth. I cannot say whether the young men of New York City at that time had entered into an agreement with our school mistresses to absent

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

This photograph of Mabel, Eleanor and Daisy Gordon was taken in 1886, in September. Daisy was married in December, 1886.

Daisy enjoyed nothing more than a fancy dress party



Hoffman

Juliette Low's father, William W. Gordon, was a Southerner of the old school

themselves from Madison Avenue at the hour of our daily exercise. But for some reason "The Charbs" were convinced that Madison Avenue was indubitably a more circumspect route for our perambulations!

There were no games at our school, nor did our teachers think we needed them. One day, when we emerged from the front door, we were delighted to find a bountiful snowstorm in progress. The only thing to do was to have a snow fight—which we proceeded to do. The fact that we bombarded no passers-by and so could not be termed a public nuisance made no difference to the swiftness and the thoroughness of our punishment. We were kept in for three days. And we never again yielded to snowball temptation.

Boys were equally unwelcome either as callers or as escorts. I remember that when one of the girls was to entertain her boy cousin at the school, a chaperon was provided in the parlor, well within earshot. Another rule was that under no circumstances were we to speak to a boy when we were outside the school walls. It happened that Daisy was the only girl who was ever allowed to go out unaccompanied. "The Charbs" had granted her this permission be-

cause she was one of the older pupils and because she was at that time studying oil painting with a famous artist, and it was necessary for her to go to his studio for her class.

Returning home from her painting lesson one day, she met a young man from Savannah who had been her neighbor all her life. He was delighted to see her and started to walk along with her. Daisy was greatly distressed. He must not walk with her, she explained. He must not talk with her. It was against the rules.

The young man was vastly amused and refused to take what she said seriously. Not only did he continue to walk beside her, he went with her to the very door of the school! Daisy bade him an angry farewell and made a tremendous impression on "The Charbs" by marching straight to their room and reporting herself.

You can imagine how difficult it was for us to have what every boarding-school girl simply must have—secret feasts. Such careful watch was kept upon us, the Mlles. Charbonnier so rarely left the school, that the only possible place for our spreads was the one and only bathroom of the school. I can remember our once being in the midst of a gorgeous party, girls and food crowding every inch of space,

when our mistresses unexpectedly returned. I don't know how we all managed to emerge without creating suspicion, especially since we had to carry with us the telltale evidences of our banquet.

We had no parties at "The Charbs'." I cannot remember going out to the theater, although Nellie Gordon, Daisy's older sister, says she remembers having seen Booth in *Hamlet* while at the school. Our evenings were spent in the study hall. And yet we enjoyed our school days there, and were always glad that we had had them.

I cannot seem to remember Daisy as doing this or that. But I do remember her stories, especially those of her other boarding schools. For "The Charbs' " was not Daisy's first experience. When she was fourteen, she had gone away from home to attend Edgehill, a school in Virginia conducted by the Misses Randolph, who were granddaughters of Thomas Jefferson. The school itself was across from Thomas Jefferson's old home. She was there two years, and for one year after at Stewart Hall, also in Virginia. Then she came to New York.

General and Mrs. Gordon had selected the school of the Mlles Charbonnier for their three daughters, Nellie, Daisy, and Alice, because it

was at that time the only French school in New York City, and they wished to give their daughters not only the advantage of thorough familiarity with the French language, but also that of living in New York. Mrs. Gordon had attended a French school in her own younger days and was an accomplished linguist. By the time I arrived at the Charbonniers', Daisy was thoroughly at home in French conversation.

None of Daisy's teachers ever seemed to forget her. When "The Charbs" had put by a sufficient sum to ennable them to retire and had gone to Paris to live, Daisy often visited them there.

The Misses Carter, Daisy's teachers at Edgehill, also remained her friends as long as she lived. To Miss Sally Carter there is to this day no more amusing memory than that of the lesson on Greek art. Miss Sally was giving the lesson to which Daisy was apparently paying absorbed attention. So, when Miss Sally saw Daisy take up her pencil and begin to sketch, she said nothing until Daisy had completed her picture. Then, sure that her pupil had drawn a Greek temple to illustrate the lesson, she asked her to bring her picture forward and show it to the class.

Small, quick as a flash, with snapping eyes and tireless energy, Mrs. Gordon kept everyone in roars of laughter by her wit and unexpected remarks

Voltz Studios Savannah, Ga.

A portrait of Juliette Gordon Low, painted shortly after her marriage. By the British artist, Hughes

Now Miss Sally had the habit of buying shoes which were much too large for her, insisting that they gave her greater comfort. In fact, so large were her shoes that in putting them on she frequently got them on the wrong feet. She had done so on the morning of the Greek art lesson. And what Daisy sketched that day was not a picture of a Greek temple but of Miss Sally's shoes on wrong!

V

AS HER FAMILY KNEW HER

Juliette Low's brother, G. Arthur Gordon, recalls their days together through many years.

V

AS HER FAMILY KNEW HER

By G. Arthur Gordon

OURS was a typical American family, with interesting circumstances bringing it about that, although we lived in the South, we shared in the life of the North as well. Our father, William W. Gordon, was a Southerner of the old school. He fought four years for the Confederacy, serving in the Virginia and the Western armies, suffering both wounds and the bitterness of defeat. Our mother, Eleanor Kinzie Gordon, was from the North, and, while she remained in the South with her husband during the Civil War, her three brothers fought in the Union Army, one of them being killed and two captured. And although our mother was born and brought up in Chicago when it was a frontier village, she was educated in the East, so that the pioneer and

New England atmosphere both had their influence upon her.

Throughout their lives, "Papa" and "Mamma" were not only an inspiration and example to Daisy, each was a counselor, a companion, and a playfellow. For fifty years of her life, as Daisy Gordon and as Juliette Low, she was as close to her father and mother as it is humanly possible for a daughter to be, and from them she inherited, and absorbed by intimacy, many of their dominant traits and characteristics.

The watchwords of General Gordon's life were Duty, Courage, Loyalty. His was the hand of steel within the velvet glove. A dominating yet charming personality, he was easily a leader in every undertaking, and in times of storm and stress he was steadfast, immovable, a very tower of strength. He was positive in his likes and dislikes. He neither shirked nor trimmed, and no one could ever doubt exactly how he felt on every subject and about every person. He had a keen sense of humor and was a delightful companion at home, though often grim and always unconquerable when facing difficulties. We children loved to tease both him and Mamma, but, while Papa accepted our nonsense with a

quiet smile, Mamma always came back with a quick, amusing and completely unanswerable repartee.

Except as to character and principle and outlook on life, Mamma was totally different from Papa. Small, quick as a flash, with snapping eyes and tireless energy, she kept everyone in roars of laughter by her wit and her unexpected remarks, frequently accompanied by quaint "cuss" words. She was one of those fortunate people who had the faculty of doing everything easily and well. She rode, played the piano, sang, painted, spoke several languages, and excelled in whatever she undertook. She was utterly fearless and utterly regardless of consequences, on one occasion tackling a pickpocket, and on another a drunken man who tried to force his way into the house. In appearance, disposition, and character, our sister Daisy resembled our little mother.

Nothing ever pleased us children more than being able to coax our parents into telling stories of their earlier days. Papa's had largely to do with incidents of the Civil War, while Mamma's dealt with Indian and frontier life. John Kinzie, Mamma's grandfather, lived almost constantly among the Indians of the far

Northwest, and it was his wife who, when a child, was taken prisoner by the Senecas and spent four years as a captive.

Our family consisted of six children, four girls and two boys. Nellie, the eldest, was two years older than Daisy. She was a decided leader, with plenty of balance and common sense, which supplemented Daisy's brilliant eccentricity. Two years younger than Daisy was the third sister, Alice. She was a quiet, studious girl who died at the age of seventeen while at boarding school in New York City. This was the only break in the family circle during a period extending over half a century. Willy, with fiery hair and a fiery temper, was three years younger than Alice. His encounters with his three older sisters taught them all courage and also how to endure unflinchingly the scars of battle. Mabel and myself, two years apart, were much younger and were "brought up" successively by Mamma, by Nellie, and by Daisy. We resisted valiantly, but I must admit vainly, Daisy's experiments in child rearing!

The spoiling which an only child receives, was, therefore, entirely absent from Daisy's lot at home. Anyone who has grown up in a large family knows the constant adjustment and con-

On November twenty-first, 1886, her own mother and father's wedding anniversary, Juliette Gordon was married to William Low

Eliza Hendry, cook in the Gordon family for twenty years and pensioned until the time of her death, who hoped that Queen Victoria wouldn't "pervoke Miss Daisy"

sideration necessary to make life worth living under such circumstances. Yet no children ever had a happier home nor returned to it after an absence with greater eagerness. A rather cynical friend of our family once remarked, "That Gordon family is the strangest one I ever knew. They actually *enjoy* being together!"

Daisy was born just before the Civil War, which brought financial ruin to our parents and subjected the children who had thus far arrived to the danger, sorrow, poverty, and struggle, not only of war days, but of the period of reconstruction as well. Ease and comfort came to Daisy only after her character had been formed in a stern and relentless school. The first sugar she ever tasted was when, as a little girl of four, she sat on General Sherman's knee. It was the day after his capture of Savannah, Christmas, 1864, and, calling upon my mother, he presented the small daughter with a packet the contents of which were entirely strange to her. When, a few months later, Daisy visited our grandmother in Chicago, she asked at dinner for "Some of that nice little beefsteak with legs"—meaning chicken, which she had never seen cooked before.

There was nothing narrow or provincial

about Daisy's upbringing. While she gloried in the fact that she was a Southerner and in her youth recited with great gusto the poem beginning:

> I am a good old rebel,
> And that is what I am,
> And for this Land of Freedom,
> I do not give a ——

yet as a matter of fact she was a cosmopolite, attending boarding school first in Virginia and then in New York City, spending many summers at Narragansett Pier and Mt. Desert in New England and, after her marriage, living in Warwickshire, England, and in Scotland, besides traveling extensively in Europe, Egypt, and India. All this was an unconscious preparation for her Girl Scout work, both national and international, a work which required above all else a broad point of view and a wide sympathy and understanding.

Like everyone else, our sister Daisy had two sides to her character. Her lighter side was, of course, the one which was most often in evidence, while the real depth of her nature only appeared when circumstances brought it forth. And it is very difficult to describe her with any accuracy, because she was so many-sided and

unexpected and incalculable. Her mind did not work like that of the average person. Her reaction to any situation was almost invariably absolutely illogical. Given a certain set of circumstances, people will usually act in a certain way. Daisy's response was often like that of a weird dream. Two and two by no means made four to her. They made anything she chose to imagine they made, and once she had an idea in her head facts could not change it. The idea remained as *she* visualized it, in defiance of all argument and demonstration to the contrary.

Like her mother, she was absolutely brimful of energy and the zest of living. There was nothing conventional or tepid or neutral about her. She had an eager desire to realize life to its utmost, and she would try anything, particularly if she had never attempted it before. What she enjoyed, she enjoyed to her very finger tips, and one reason why she was so eagerly sought after lay in the fact that she was not only very entertaining and amusing when she desired to be, but she was frequently killingly funny, when she had no intention of being funny at all, as will readily be seen by some of the experiences which our family had with her at various times.

Both Daisy and Papa were very fond of ani-

mals. Three horses were always in the stable, which were ridden each morning before breakfast by Papa and two of us children. A Beagle Hound, named Bow-wow, always accompanied the party. Kittle, the Maltese cat, was also an institution, but Papa's real favorite was Lilburn, the Jersey cow, which Daisy was allowed to milk occasionally.

Time meant nothing in Daisy's scheme of things. Papa was equally unpunctual. He would give orders to the servants that the horses, the cow, the dog, and the cat should have their midday meal strictly on time, even though the family might wait for an hour or two beyond the accustomed hour. Once while visiting us after her marriage, Daisy announced that she wished to be fed with the animals. Papa said, "I will let *you* feed the cow, and you will forget to do so." She said, "Just watch me," and when the time came round, promptly forgot the cow. After being reproached by her father for this oversight, she wrote him the following verses, to the tune of "There Was a Piper Had a Cow."

There was a General had a cow
But he had naught to give it,
Except that sort of hedge, you know,
Which botanists call "privet."

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

After her marriage, Juliette Low's Savannah home was the charming old Low residence, where Thackeray had written The Virginians *while on a visit to Mr. Low's parents*

Juliette Low at Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, between 1890-1900

The hedge grew round a vacant lot,
Meant to be sold or rented.
Like Naboth's vineyard was the spot,
The cow grew discontented.

The General spoke to Mrs. Low,[1]
Told her he thought it funny,
That when she might have fed his cow,
She only thought of money.

Then Mrs. Low was sad indeed,
She tried to compensate,
The angry cow refused to feed
The General said, "Too late!

"Insult my wife, my child, my horse,
My trusty dog, Bow-Wow,
But insults I resent, of course,
When offered to my cow!"

One night, when it turned cold, Daisy took the blankets from the guest-room bed and with a package of safety pins enveloped one of our cows securely, as she thought. Next morning the blankets were found trampled under the cow and naturally could not be used again. When the same cow was deprived of a calf, Daisy,

[1] (Through poetical license, Low is pronounced here to rhyme with cow. D. G. L.)

with her arms around her pet's neck, wept bitterly—and declared the cow shed real tears, also.

She was devoted to dogs, which she spoiled dreadfully. And on her place in Warwickshire she had a dog cemetery with many inscriptions unintentionally amusing. On one occasion, when driving with Mamma in Savannah, Daisy saw a dead dog lying by the roadside. She immediately ordered the coachman to stop and over Mamma's protests took the dog into the carriage and brought it home. She insisted that it was a case of "suspended animation," and, as Mamma thought, carried it to her own room. A little later, when Mamma went to her bedroom, she found the dead dog placed on *her* bed, with its head on the pillow and an electric vibrator attached to its ear. And it was some time before Daisy could be convinced that the dog was beyond resurrection!

She also had a great love for birds. Her mocking bird lived for some years in England, and would sit on her shoulder, and try to take her pen away from her when she wrote. "Polly Poons," a gray parrot, whom everyone else feared, used to sleep on her chest at night, and the "Blue Bird," an enormous South American

macaw, would follow her about like Mary's Lamb.

When she found that she was to be away from London a great deal, Daisy put her "Blue Bird" in the London Zoo. Whenever she returned to town, she always visited it. And passers-by were greatly amused to hear the bird shriek when she left, "Come back, Mamma."

During the Spanish-American War, Papa was in command of a brigade of infantry which formed part of a division stationed at Miami, Florida. Out of the six thousand men of the division, seventeen hundred become ill as a result of drinking polluted water. The hospital facilities were inadequate, and the men were too often sent back to duty before they were really well.

To meet this situation, Mamma established a convalescent hospital, so that the men could entirely recover before resuming their strenuous military work. Daisy joined Mamma in Miami to help in any way she could and take care of the sick soldiers. She and I went down to Miami together, I remember, leaving Savannah at 4 A. M. on a very hot day, and due to arrive in Miami not earlier than midnight. It was a long, dusty, tiresome journey. Nor was it many hours

before a mutual antipathy developed between Daisy and me. I was especially annoyed because at each little Florida station Daisy insisted upon getting out and clamoring for root beer, which no one had ever heard of.

There was a man in the chair car who had very evidently been on a spree and was suffering from the after-effects. Daisy informed me that this man was a wounded soldier and that she proposed to present him with her air cushion. I told her he was simply drunk and that she must let him alone.

With flashing eyes she exclaimed, "Don't thwart me!" And a real battle was averted only when the man declined the offer.

She took a deep interest in the convalescing soldiers at the hospital and invented a species of pudding made out of Mellin's Food, seasoned liberally with old brandy. The soldiers were naturally delighted with this dessert and demanded it on all occasions. Suddenly, to Daisy's surprise, they positively refused to touch it. For some time she could not learn the reason, but finally discovered that one of the patients had found the box from which the Mellin's Food was taken and had read that it was "for the use of infants and nursing mothers."

She had a faculty for using the wrong word, which at times was puzzling as well as amusing. When buying a tea set for a wedding present she kept rejecting one set after another, explaining to the salesman that she did not like the "snout." And she never could learn to spell! Once she said to me, "Arthur, there's just no use in my having a dictionary. Here I want to know how to spell *scent,* you know, scent of a flower. And I've looked under se and ce and it isn't here at all."

Daisy had a curious habit of studying her financial situations in bed. One Sunday morning when she was in Savannah, I received a frantic telephone message to come to her house immediately. I found her in bed, surrounded with bank books, checks, bills, and with an exclamation of despair she announced, "I am ruined! I have overdrawn my bank account, and I have no more money."

I replied, "I am going to church and will see you later."

On my return, I found Daisy cheerily singing and in the best of spirits. I said, "I thought you were ruined. What has happened?"

She said, "Oh! After you left, I took a phenacetin pill and then discovered that I had a

large balance in the bank. I now feel quite cheerful again."

I instantly suggested that she make me a present of that particular box of phenacetin pills!

We had a very fat old colored cook, Liza Henry, who always lived with us. During a dinner party she fell and broke her leg. For two years she refused to leave her patent cot declaring, "De marrow done run out de bone and I can't walk." Daisy decided she needed fresh air and hired two piano movers to walk her up and down in the garden. With the aid of the piano movers Daisy also took Liza for a drive in the victoria. It was a grand day for Liza. Dressed in black silk, she occupied all the back seat. Daisy sat with her back to the horse.

Now it happened that at just this time the President of the United States had sent a well-known admiral to report upon the facilities of Savannah as a port. Papa was showing him the city when the admiral exclaimed, "Will you look at that!"

There was the victoria with Liza waving to Papa and calling loudly, "Howdy, Gen'ral. Me an' Mis' Daisy is taking a ride."

Papa said to the admiral, "Oh, yes, that's our

cook and my daughter is evidently taking her for an airing."

This same Liza, when she found that her Miss Daisy was going to marry an Englishman and live in another country, became much disturbed. She came into the library one day to speak to her "missus," my mother and the following conversation occurred:

"Miss Nellie, I hear Miss Daisy gwine live way off in a furrin country."

"Yes, Liza Henry."

"Someone tole me she gwine live under a queen."

"Yes, Liza."

"Well, I do hope, Miss Nellie, that that 'ere Queen ain't gwine pervoke Miss Daisy, 'cause if she do, Miss Daisy sure gwine give her a piece of her mine."

Liza was assured that Queen Victoria would probably not "pervoke Miss Daisy."

Outdoor sports particularly attracted Daisy. As a girl, she was a fair tennis player, and an unusually good swimmer, but horseback riding was her favorite exercise. After her marriage, she and her husband did a great deal of fox hunting with the North Warwickshire Hounds.

It was the custom in England at that time to tie a ribbon on the tail of a kicking horse, as a warning to all to keep their distance. Daisy was in complete ignorance of this custom. Just before one of the hunts started, the horse which she was riding lashed out and kicked the horse of a stranger, who had approached from the rear. This gentleman was intensely annoyed, and said, "Why don't you tie a ribbon on your horse's tail?"

Daisy: "Why *should* I tie a ribbon on my horse's tail?"

Gentleman: "Because your horse kicks."

Daisy: "That is just the reason that I would *not* tie a ribbon on his tail. If *you* wish to tie a ribbon on his tail, you can do so. An ancestor of mine tried to brush a fly off the hind legs of a mule once. The mule kicked him in the head, and he was never the same again."

Her English residence, Wellesbourne House, was exactly in the center of Warwickshire. It may be imagined how romantic it was for an American girl to find herself within driving distance of the places she had read about as a child. Close by were Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick Castle, the ruins of Kenilworth, Stoneleigh Abbey and Charlcote, where Shakespeare was

brought before Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching, which worthy he afterward immortalized as Justice Shallow. For hundreds of years the same families had lived in this historic country, and it was not long before they were visiting their new neighbor, enjoying the fresh, original, whimsical point of view which she exhibited concerning the British ways, so new to her.

Our sister Mabel, Mrs. Rowland Leigh, also lived in England, and of course saw more of Daisy after her marriage than any of the rest of the family. She, too, has many stories of Daisy and her eccentricities. Once, while visiting Daisy in Warwickshire, Mabel was informed by the doctor that he had forbidden Daisy, who was just recovering from an illness, to take a trip to London. Daisy confided to Mabel that she was going anyhow, and was going "al fresco." Mabel replied, "Then you will have to go on the ceiling of the train." "Oh," said Daisy, "I mean 'sub rosa.'"

While in Egypt, Daisy accepted an invitation to visit Wadi-Halfa. This was before the campaign that ended in the battle of Omdurman, and at that time Wadi-Halfa was a frontier post, far up the Nile, and no white woman had ever been there. She and Mabel arrived at

the Post, and that evening at dinner, the band of Sudanese blacks played "Marching Through Georgia." Daisy rose with flashing eyes, announced that she had been insulted, and would immediately return to civilization. It was some time before the British officers realized that "Marching Through Georgia" was not a popular tune with natives of that state.

In order to start conversation again, one of the officers asked her what she thought was the most interesting thing in Egypt, to which Daisy replied, "The pneumatic tribes." (Nomadic tribes!)

It was impossible to fathom her real reasons for what she did. In Paris, during the World's Exhibition of 1900, I was trying to persuade her to walk several blocks to the Louvre instead of riding. The day was hot, and she insisted that she must have a fiacre, the French equivalent of a cab. It was before the days of automobiles. If you signaled to a driver in Paris and he stopped, you were obliged to pay him a fare if you then declined to ride with him. Under protest I started to signal the drivers as they passed, and each time Daisy interfered, saying, "The horse looks tired." Finally, I signaled a driver with a magnificent looking fresh horse, and he

drew up with a flourish. Daisy positively refused to enter the fiacre, and I had to pay for it and let the man go.

I, furiously: "Why wouldn't you take that cab?"

Daisy: "I didn't like the horse."

I: "What was the matter with the horse? He was perfectly fresh!"

Daisy: "I didn't like him. He had a scornful mouth."

Tableau!

Daisy's travels were always a succession of fantastic adventures. It was only necessary to travel with her in order to observe with amusement the effect she had on the employees of the transportation companies. They would register first surprise, then resignation, finally enthusiastic co-operation. Many times, the porters on the English railways, who served her while she was traveling with dogs, parrots, hot-water bottles, cushions, and what-not, would murmur in despair, "Quite mad." But her charm soon converted them into devoted friends and assistants.

Another characteristic undertaking is told in the following letter, written to her niece, Mrs. Parker's daughter. Six months before, Daisy had brought over with her from England a

woman who had been deserted by her husband and who wished to find work in this country. Our aunt in North Georgia had later employed her as cook. The woman had left her two small children in England in the care of a relative but now wished to have them with her. Daisy, back in London, heard of this and offered to bring the children, aged three years and ten months, with her. This is Daisy's own story of what happened when she, Bella her maid, and the two children put in an appearance at the port of New York.

1723 Rhode Island Ave.,
Washington, D. C.,
Feb. 27th, 1909.

DEAR ALICE:

Only a line to thank you for meeting me and to finish the tale of my adventures. Your last words to me were, "Be sure to mention Father's name."

Ellis Island almost touches the Statue of Liberty, where concentrates in one stone all the freedom of the U. S. A. In reality, we are slaves. Crowded into that emigrant craft, I registered vows of revenge against Congress for the badly administered laws.

Bella, my maid, and the two undesirable aliens, one aged three years, one aged ten months, were brought before a board of officers for immigration. They asked questions as to the names of all of us and the ancestors of the Cowie children to the third

and fourth generation. Finally my chance came to hit one member of Congress. They asked: "Who will be responsible for these children not becoming a charge on this country?"

I answered: "I will."

They asked: "Are you a lady of unlimited means?"

I replied: "I don't know about *un*limited, but I am not a pauper and I can take care of them."

They asked: "Whom can you give as a reference?"

I answered: "The Honorable Wayne Parker, Congressman."

(Great Sensation)

They asked: "Will he, if necessary, support these children?"

I answered, "Certainly!"

(Stir among the Fossils)

They asked: "Is the mother of these children married?"

I answered: "She has been deserted!"

They asked: "What interest has Mr. Parker in these children?"

I began to laugh, and I said, "Gentlemen, nobody will be more astonished than Mr. Parker to hear of even the existence of these children, but when you insist on my giving a well-known American citizen as a voucher for my own statements, I mention the most prominent man I know."

Their Yankee humor seemed tickled by the idea of Wayne being the innocent victim saddled with

the maintenance of two children of whom he had never heard, and they all began to laugh. They uanimously voted to admit the children, and off we all went, crossed to New York, and got to the Savannah dock, only to find that under no circumstances whatever could we board the steamer and live on it a day and a night before it sailed! I asked for the manager and was told he was out, so I requested to be permitted to await his return in his office. I was careful to bring Bella and the two Olive Branches also into the office, and I directed Bella to remove their cloaks, hats, and outer garments and try to look as if she was a fixture.

The manager *panted* with agitation when he beheld us in occupation. And the more he assured me it was out of his power to allow the party on the boat, the more I made side remarks to the air, such as, "Poor little things, all they want is to go to bed." And the children lifted up their voices and wailed and gnashed their gums! So he gave in. I established Bella and the two naturalized citizens on board the *City of Atlanta* steamer, and took the first train for Washington, where I am now instituting reform laws regarding immigration and if you ever wish me to take twins to the North Pole, I feel capable of doing so.

Yrs. Ever, DAISY.

P. S. Though your mother has enjoyed the joke at Wayne's expense, she says you must not refer to it, and she will not let me tell him!

On another occasion, when Daisy was going from Boston to New York, a man thrust a little boy into an adjoining seat with the remark, "This boy is Abraham Lincoln's grandson. He is sick and we have no one to send home with him. Will you look after him and see that he gets off at his station?"

Daisy accepted the statement and the responsibility, and, noticing that the drawing room was unoccupied, decided that it was just the place to put the boy. When the conductor came for the tickets, she said, "Can't you have a bed made up in the drawing room for this sick boy? He is the grandson of Abraham Lincoln."

"Impossible," said the conductor. "Besides, he hasn't paid for his ticket, and someone down the line may have reserved the drawing room."

Daisy blazed at him, "I am a Southerner. I do not have to take any interest in this boy, but I should think you Yankees would be glad to do something for the grandson of Abraham Lincoln."

The conductor at once called the porter; the bed was made; the boy installed. And, as the conductor passed on his way, he paused beside Daisy and said with a twinkle, "I come from Mississippi myself."

Once, in going from New York to Savannah, she failed to make connection in Washington with her Girl Scout captain who had her ticket and accommodations. When the conductor demanded her tickets, she told him her dilemma and said, "Telegraph your agent in Savannah. He knows my brother, and you will get an answer from him right away saying that my brother will meet me in Savannah with the money."

The conductor replied that this was against the rules and that he would be forced to put her off the train at the next station. The colored porter who had been listening with great interest now stepped forward and said, "I will pay Mrs. Low's fare to Savannah." Which he did.

Another time, when Daisy was stopping with Nellie en route from England to Savannah, Nellie remarked that she had an important engagement in New York City and had to catch a certain train. Daisy said, "I will come too." Upon Nellie's replying, "I have some errands for the house to do first, so I will go ahead," Daisy assured her she, too, would start forthwith and wait outside in the carriage.

Nellie went to the greengrocer's with her

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

She designed and forged these iron gates for her home, Wellesbourne House, Warwick, England. They stand to-day at the entrance to Gordonston Park, Savannah, in memory of her mother and father

Thomson, London, England

Sugar for Seale, her Pekinese

The Grosvenor Studios, London, England

Her mocking bird would sit on her shoulder and try to take her pen away when she wrote

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

She gave herself completely to the task at hand—a charcoal sketch of Juliette Low at her modeling, made by her niece, Alice Parker Shurtleff

marketing list and was busily giving her order when Daisy burst into the store, seized two apples, and rushed out, crying, "Pay for them, Nellie. A horse is dying across the street."

When Nellie came out, Daisy was deep in conversation with the owner of a white horse and shabby carriage. She insisted upon completing this conversation with the result that they missed the train and no other left for an hour. While they waited at the station, Daisy said quite casually, "I bought that horse for twenty dollars, Nellie, and the man is going to take it to Wayne's stable."

Nellie was aghast. Her husband had several valuable horses in the stables, and the children had two ponies to whom the new purchase might communicate any kind of disease. Nellie rushed to the telephone and told the coachman that if a white horse was delivered at Hutton Park, by no means to let him in the stable. She need not have been anxious. Neither the white horse nor his owner put in an appearance. Nor did Daisy's twenty dollars!

On another occasion when Daisy was expected for a visit, the entire Parker family flocked to the door to be greeted with, "Quick, some brandy! This little wild rabbit is dying.

I bought him from a colored boy on the way up from Savannah."

Nellie said, "You don't give brandy to wild animals. Let the children get some lettuce from the garden."

By the time the children brought in a basket of lettuce at least six times the size of the rabbit, Daisy had obtained a hot-water bottle and was holding the rabbit upon it. She was deeply disturbed by the fact that the rabbit's ears were so cold and had her hands warmly over them. The Parkers could not convince her that a rabbit's ears should be cold, just as a dog's nose, and she insisted that the rabbit be put in the bathroom with all the greens the children had gathered. Alas, next day the greens were all gone and he was dead—a victim of overeating.

The correspondence between Daisy and her parents often took on a most amusing turn. In 1916, Daisy rented a place in Scotland called Castle Menzies. She wrote, asking her mother to pay her a visit, at the same time apologizing for the fact that there would be no shooting or fishing. She also mentioned that the drains were not in good order. Although Mamma was more than eighty years old, she insisted on traveling back and forth between America and England,

with total indifference to the submarine menace.

In reply to the invitation, Mamma wrote as follows:

Were you serious about Castle Menzies? Please understand that I could not visit any place where I was unable to shoot, fish, and hunt. Besides, I am thinking of taking Buckingham Palace unless, as I now hope, I shall take a longer trip to a warmer climate, where the drains won't interest me.

In this connection, please remember that I wish the following inscription placed on my tombstone:

Eleanor Kinzie Gordon, Born in Chicago,
June 18, 1835.
Died "The sooner the better."
Killed by the accidental discharge of her duty.

A handicap keenly felt by Daisy was her deafness. This arose from the fact that, when she was about twenty-one years old, a physician put nitrate of silver in her ear when treating her for earache. This ate out the ear drum. Some time afterward, when leaving on her wedding trip, a shower of rice was thrown into the carriage, and a grain lodged in her ear. Another abscess formed, causing complete deafness in one ear, which finally resulted in partial deafness in the other. Eager to enjoy everything to

the utmost, it drove her almost frantic to feel that she was missing much of what was going on around her. As a refuge, and to work off her superabundant energy, she threw herself into all sorts of artistic pursuits. She was a talented actress, and appeared in many amateur dramatic performances. She painted, modeled, and even built a forge at which she made the iron gates that were first erected at Wellesbourne House and are now placed at the entrance of the Park at Gordonston, which she created as a memorial to her father and mother. The very versatility of her talents perhaps prevented her from concentrating on some one art. Much of her work reveals real power, which could have been developed had she concentrated upon any one medium.

She had quite a gift for writing verses, and after her death we found them in her journal. The following, selected from many, are characteristic of her spirit:

1903:

Only thyself, thyself can harm.
Forget it not—and full of peace
Ignore the noise and world's alarm,
And wait till storm and tumult cease.

When Peggy Leigh appeared in fancy dress, Juliette Low at once asked her to pose and then modeled her costume in delicately colored wax

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

A young girl, modeled by Juliette Low

Moffet, Chicago, Ill.

This photograph of Juliette Low was taken in Chicago at the time of the Girl Scout convention there in 1924

1906:

When we are young and heart to heart
Whispers of things untried, divine,
Before the dregs are in the wine
Or disillusion plays a part,
When we are young, is it not true,
That love's eternal, when it's new?

When we are old, and time has bred
A callous tolerance in love's stead,
Blessed are the eyes whose clearer view
Can read the wisdom of the whole,
The deeper meaning of the soul,
The Love Eternal—old or new!

1911:

The Road

The road which led from you to me
Is choked with thorns and overgrown.
We walked together yesterday,
But now—I walk alone.

I count the footsteps one by one
Where love once guided us—for though
We never saw how love had come,
Alas, we saw him go.

The magic of the road is dead,
The milestones marking memories,

Are moss grown, and our feet must tread
  Onward in separate ways.

For life hath roads that lead to power
  So high two cannot walk abreast.
You chose the high road—I the lower.
  God knows which road is best.

She always took the part of the under-dog, and nothing roused her to such blazing scorn and utter fury as to see anyone attempting to take advantage of the weak and helpless. Everyone who knew her will remember how her face lighted up and her eyes flashed when she became indignant over some incident, very often under a misapprehension.

Hers was a deep-hearted, loving nature. There was at Wellesbourne an unfortunate woman suffering from what was supposed to be leprosy. She was so disfigured that the village people would put her food at the door and refuse to enter. It was discovered, quite by accident, that Daisy made a practice of going once a week and sitting with her and reading aloud to her.

Probably the strongest trait in her nature was her yearning and craving to be of use to others, to be indispensable to someone. As a childless

widow, she was denied this outlet, and brooded over the fact that she was not essential to anyone. While in such a mood, several years after her husband's death, she met Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and extracts from her diary will give an idea of the impression he made upon her and of the impulse she received toward the formation of the Girl Scouts. This was written in 1911:

I met Sir Robert Baden-Powell last week, and have since motored alone two hundred miles to Louty, to see his bust of John Smith. It is a rare good thing.

May 30: Again met Sir R. B. P. I looked into the lines of his hand, which are very odd and contradictory. The impression he makes on one is equally contradictory. For instance, all of his portraits and all of his writings represent him in action, essentially a man of war, though never has any human being given me such a feeling of peace. He rushes from one engagement to another, though he doesn't strike me as restless or pushed or driven. It may be because in his own mind he is not personally seeking anything. His activities are for mankind and he has, perhaps, eliminated the effort to attain things for himself. When a man has conquered his enemies, they say death is the greatest conquest left, but isn't self even greater? The universe and the force that drives him to better it are the real objects of his

existence. To him his own life, as a unit, is apparently unimportant.

June 1st: To-day, in the few moments I have had to myself, my mind had irresistibly dwelt on B. P. A sort of intuition comes over me that he believes I might make more out of my life, and that he has *ideas* which, if I follow them, will open a more useful sphere of work before me in future.

June 17th: Again I met B. P. No doubt about his magnetism. I am not sure if he *knows* he can influence people, or if the charm of his presence is an unconscious one. I told him a little about my futile efforts to be of use, and the shame I feel when I think of how much I could do, yet how little I accomplish, and when thrown with a man who has made a success of everything, by contrast I feel that my life brings forth "nothing but leaves." A wasted life. He looked so kindly when he said, "There are little stars that guide us on, although we do not realize it."

While Daisy's reasoning power was often faulty, and common sense appeared to be lacking, she relied on an intuition which seemed almost psychic when dealing with the big things of life. Above all, she had vision, not the nebulous dream of the vaguely well-intentioned, but the clear-cut picture of what Girl Scouting would mean for our American girls, and for the peace of the scattered nations. Handicapped

by deafness and later by a fatal illness, by the indifference of many of her friends and the blindness of others, she kept faith with that vision, overcoming every obstacle and bearing her own sufferings gallantly and without complaint. She gave to the Girl Scouts every particle of her will power and intelligence and interest and vitality.

She was deeply religious, quite superstitious, and a confirmed hero worshiper. Underneath her bubbling, irrepressible gayety, there was a deep, generous, loyal, loving, striving, brave, self-sacrificing personality. She had her full share of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and she not only met them as the poet advised, by opposing, but in every crisis of her life she faced fate with a smiling defiance that was simply sublime.

VI

JULIETTE LOW MEETS SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL AND THE GIRL GUIDES OF ENGLAND

It was in England that Juliette Low met Sir Robert Baden-Powell and the Girl Guides. These stories of that time are told by her friend, Mrs. Mark Kerr, of the International council of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

It was in this picturesque Scotch country that Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Juliette Low first talked of taking the Girl Guide idea to the United States

Bachrach, N. Y.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lady Baden-Powell, and Juliette Low—upon the occasion of the visit to this

When she lived in this romantic Scotch castle, Juliette Low collected the weird ghost stories that she afterward told around many a Girl Scout camp fire

VI

JULIETTE LOW MEETS SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL AND THE GIRL GUIDES OF ENGLAND

By Rose Kerr

MRS. LOW used always to spend about half the year in Great Britain. Coming over in May or June, she would stay for a month or two in her house in London, and then take a place in Scotland where she would entertain many guests for the shooting and fishing.

In the summer of 1911 she rented a small shooting lodge called Lochs, on the Meggernie property in Perthshire, and among other people there came to stay with her a most delightful and interesting guest, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, known all over the British Empire as the gallant soldier who had defended Mafeking in the South African War, but who had lately turned his energies from soldiering into a new

channel, and had founded an epoch-making movement, the Boy Scouts.

Mrs. Low had met him sometime in 1910 or 1911; they had sat next to each other at a luncheon party in Lincolnshire, and had made friends over their mutual admiration for the pioneer, Captain John Smith. Captain Smith was an ancestor of the Chief Scout and had been his hero ever since he was a boy. The Captain's love of adventure appealed to Sir Robert, as well as the fact that he was indefatigable in the service of his country.

Sir Robert, when he came to stay with Mrs. Low in Scotland, was full of ideas and plans for the Boy Scouts, and she quickly grew as enthusiastic over them as he. She was even more interested, however, in the attempt which some girls in England had made to play this fascinating new game. A few adventurous spirits, having read Sir Robert's book, *Scouting for Boys,* had at once begun to put his precepts into practice and had started a new movement, calling themselves Girl Scouts.

At that time, Sir Robert had his hands so full with the Boy Scouts that he had no time to busy himself with the girls. But he was very much interested in their experiment and had encouraged

his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, to put herself at their head, suggesting that they be called Girl Guides. He wished to make it clear to the public that the girls' movement was not in any sense a copy of the boys', but an independent organization.

At Sir Robert's instigation, Mrs. Low started a company of Girl Guides in the lonely Scottish valley, Glen Lyon, and invited every girl she could lay hold of to come up to her house on Saturday afternoons. The cottages were scattered far and wide in that remote part of Scotland; only seven girls in all could be mustered, and one of these had to walk six miles to the meeting. But they had such a sumptuous tea (tea always formed a great part of Mrs. Low's Girl Guiding!) and they had such fun that they went on coming all through the summer. They learned knots, the history of the flag, and the Guide laws. Then they went on to knitting and cooking and first aid. And what was more exciting, the young Guards officers who were staying with Mrs. Low taught them map reading and signaling, which latter was done from one hill to another.

Mrs. Low also wished to give these girls some idea of hygiene. She puzzled over it, wondering

how, without making her remarks too personal, she could suggest the use of a toothbrush. She had staying with her at the time Sir Neville Smyth, V. C., a cousin of the Chief Scout's and also a descendant of John Smith. The gallant general, being consulted on this delicate matter, offered to do the deed. He then proceeded to give the Guides a talk on camping, asking them, "What is the very first thing you must take to camp?" Some said one thing, some another, but to all alike he replied, "Wrong answer! The first thing to take is your toothbrush!" A dingy and puzzled smile greeted his remark, but it bore effect, nevertheless.

It was the custom in this valley for the boys and girls to leave home at a very early age in order to earn their own living. Mrs. Low set herself to study ways and means by which her Girl Guides might earn the needed money without having to go away. As was her custom, she hit upon a solution. She knew that during the autumn the shooting lodges in that vicinity were filled with men who came to the mountains for the hunting season. It seemed to her that, if the girls could be taught to raise chickens for the purpose of supplying these lodges with food, they would not only be able to earn

Juliette Low at her own spinning wheel—an art she passed on to her first group of Girl Guides, the Scotch girls near her summer home

Princess Mary, Honorary President of the British Girl Guides, was guest of honor at this Girl Guide rally held at Finsbury Park, in July, 1921. Mrs. Low is standing at the extreme left, next to her friend, Mrs. Mark Kerr

a good sum of money, but would be rendering a useful service as well.

It is not recorded just where and how she had her girls taught chicken-raising. I do not doubt but that she one morning appeared at the door of the best chicken raiser in that part of the country and told him what he was to do. The fact remains that her girls were taught and that her plan proved practicable.

Another plan which she introduced with great success among these girls was spinning. Since peat bogs in that part of the country prevented the raising of grain, the land was devoted to sheep raising, and wool was abundant. So skillful did the girls become in their spinning that when in the autumn and winter evenings their homes were without lights because they could not afford them, they spun on in the dark. When Mrs. Low left, she placed her girls' spinning in charge of the old village post mistress. And in all they spun twenty pounds that year, selling it to a little shop in London which was run by cripples who knew how to weave. Needless to say, this, too, was part of Mrs. Low's plan.

The following summer Mrs. Low, on her return to London from America, heard of a big Empire Day parade which was to be held in

Hyde Park and in which the Guides were to take part. She had no ticket. There was no time to apply for one. But, nothing daunted, she presented herself with three of her friends at the entrance. A huge policeman stopped her progress, but after much explanation the party was allowed to proceed. To her surprise and joy Mrs. Low saw several of the girls who had been her guests in Scotland the previous summer, all leading Guides. Having become interested in Guiding while with her, they had returned to their homes and started companies of their own.

In October, 1911, when Mrs. Low came south to London, she began to start more Guide companies. They first met in a basement hired by Mrs. Low in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. A notorious murder had just been committed in this street, and it required great courage on the part of the girls to come to the meetings after dark!

This company was the apple of Mrs. Low's eye. She mothered it and financed it for six or seven years. No matter how far from these girls she traveled, she always left funds behind for their Saturday afternoon tea. And when she returned to London, she always had them at her

house, taking deepest interest in each individual girl.

The second company she started was in Lambeth, a very poor part of London, where a friend of hers, Mrs. Anstruther, gave her the use of a club room and collected about twenty girls. Mrs. Low talked to them about Guiding and formed them into a company. Then she came to see me, whom she knew slightly, and told me I was to take charge of this company!

"But," said I, "I cannot possibly do it. I have no time. I do not live in London. I am no good with girls."

"Then that is settled," she said serenely, turning her deaf ear to me. "The next meeting is on Thursday and I have told them you will take it. I am sailing for America next week, but I shall be back in six months' time. I will pay for the girls' uniforms and any other expenses you may be put to. And I should like you to give them a good tea every week after the meeting. Good-bye!" And she was gone, leaving me, not for the last time, gasping for breath!

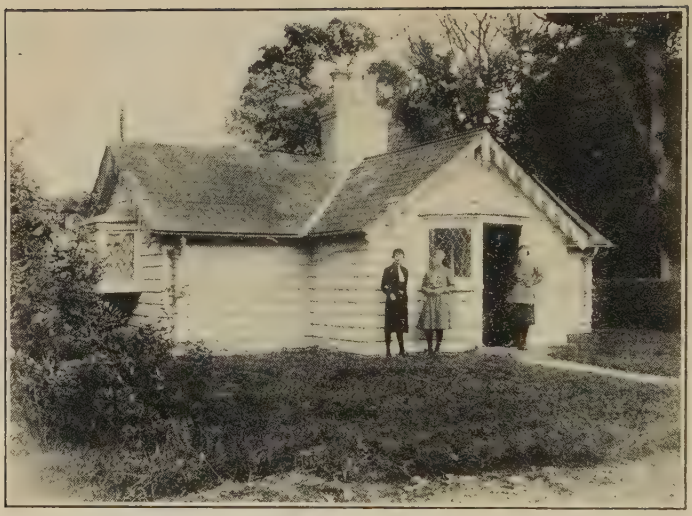
On January 6, 1912, she sailed on the *Arcadian* for New York. It was the same ship which Sir Robert Baden-Powell had chosen for the start of his world tour to visit the Boy Scouts.

And by a still more curious coincidence there happened to sail on the same ship a young woman called Miss Olave Soames, who was going on a cruise to the West Indies with her father.

Before the end of the voyage, Sir Robert Baden-Powell had become engaged to this young lady. And thus the two women who were destined to do so much for the Girl Guides and the Girl Scouts of the world met for the first time.

At Jamaica the party separated and Mrs. Low went on to Savannah to start the Girl Guides there. Imagine a woman, delicate, no longer young, with no great fortune, handicapped by deafness, deliberately setting out to conquer the United States for Girl Guiding! Had she been a woman to be daunted by difficulties, she would have thrown it all to the winds not once but many times during those first years. Quite alone, she visited nearly every large city in her vast country, speaking, coaxing, persuading. Her physical handicap became, as so often happens with brave spirits, an actual source of strength. If you pleaded, as nearly everyone did, that you could not take up Guiding, that you had neither the capacity nor the time, in short, that it was quite impossible, she simply did not hear

Juliette Low and a group of the Brownies who, as Guard of Honour to Princess Mary at the rally in Finsbury Park, July, 1921, stood firm in their places when the crowds surged behind them



Juliette Low planned the furnishings for The Link *at Foxlease, a cottage kept for the entertainment of Girl Guide and Girl Scout guests from all nations*

This little sitting room in The Link has been furnished in memory of Juliette Low by her relatives in England

you! She had a genius for not hearing any excuses or refusals or, in fact, anything she did not want to hear. She simply smiled at you—and what a smile was hers—and said, "Here are the girls. You will start at once." You were swept along in her train, protesting volubly but without any chance of explaining all the important reasons which made it impossible for you to be a Girl Guide or a Girl Scout leader.

From 1912 to 1917 Mrs. Low went backward and forward between Savannah and London. And all that time, in spite of the war which had broken out in 1914, the Girl Guide movement grew stronger and stronger in England. Lady Baden-Powell was elected Chief Guide, in 1916, at that time organizing each county in Great Britain with its proper complement of commissioners. Mrs. Low, who had done so much to forward Guiding, was asked to be the commissioner for the west central division of London. Although she was not able to be there a great deal, her influence and inspiration were a great asset to us in London, and she kept on with the position for some years.

Having gone to America in January, 1917, she found it impossible to return to England, since, on account of the submarine campaign,

no private passengers were allowed to cross the ocean. She rushed over, however, by the very first boat after the Armistice in November, 1918, and went at once to see the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide, urging them to return with her to America to see the Girl Scouts, who had meanwhile grown into such an important organization.

Mrs. Low's constant aim was to keep the Girl Guides and the Girl Scouts in close touch with each other, running the Girl Scouts on the lines laid down by the founder, Sir Robert. She feared any divergency between the two nations. The best memorial we can set up for her is to cherish the bond between us.

The Chief Scout and the Chief Guide promised to go back with her in the spring, and meanwhile a very important development in the history of Guiding took place that winter, initiated by Lady Baden-Powell and ardently supported by Mrs. Low. This was the foundation of the International Council of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, which met for the first time at Guide Headquarters in London on February 21, 1919.

Mrs. Low, of course, was elected corresponding member for the United States, and at this

meeting she gave a report on the Girl Scout movement which had at that time reached a membership of 40,000 girls. The International Council was one of Mrs. Low's most cherished children. She never missed a meeting when she was in Europe, and often came over especially for it. We all remember her so well, sitting at the table with her hearing instrument in her hand, concentrating the whole of her attention on the matter at hand.

Mrs. Low was not an easy member of any committee. She did not always hear what was said. Her thoughts would go off down a track of their own, until suddenly, having found a solution to the problem she was considering, she would break in with some very emphatic remark long after the committee in general had finished discussing that particular matter and had gone on to something else. Sometimes she had heard wrong and had got an entirely erroneous impression which it was very difficult to correct.

But with all this it was well worth while to stop other business and to listen to what she had to say, for her remarks were always illuminating; she was that rarest of human beings, an original thinker; she had a fresh and unbiased

approach to any problem. And as, besides this, she had unbounded courage, she was a most valuable member of the International Council and helped it greatly in all its decisions.

From henceforth, when she was in England, she devoted herself almost entirely to the international side of Guiding. She attended all the International Conferences, held at Oxford in 1920, at Cambridge in 1922, and at Foxlease in 1924. Not only did she attend them herself, she made it possible for other people to attend them by herself defraying the expenses of delegates from countries where the Guide movement was but just starting and was hampered by lack of funds.

She always had several of the foreign delegates staying with her in her house in London, and I remember how she admired Janina Tworkowska, the Polish delegate, who, after the Conference in 1920, started back to reach her own home through the invading armies which at that time were overrunning Poland. Mrs. Low wanted to keep her, but she insisted upon going, determined to get through somehow. Mrs. Low sent her off well provided for the journey, and was most anxious till she heard of her safety.

Mrs. Low was especially delighted when in

1922 Foxlease, a beautiful place in the New Forest, was given to the British Guides by a countrywoman of hers, Mrs. Anne Archbold, of Washington, D. C. Very happily she undertook the task of planning the furnishings for one of the cottages which was to be called The Link in token of the friendship between the United States and Great Britain and which was to be kept for the entertainment of Girl Guide and Girl Scout guests of all nations. To her was entrusted the expenditure of the money for The Link, and she spent a fortnight there in July, 1922, personally supervising the decoration of the cottage, buying the furniture herself and painting it with charming little medallions. In true American fashion, she considered a bathroom a *sine qua non* even in the tiniest of cottages, and she was very proud of having devised one at The Link by walling off part of the kitchen.

During the World Camp held at Foxlease in July, 1924, Mrs. Low stayed at The Link, together with her devoted Scotch maid, Bella. Here she delighted in entertaining the surrounding campers at breakfasts and baths, which they much appreciated. Mrs. Choate stayed with her there during the week, and the two gave an

American tea party, with ice cream and strawberries.

Mrs. Low helped to get up the beautiful pageant which was given by the Girl Scouts of the United States at this World Camp, in which scenes from American history were depicted, starting with "The Pilgrim Mothers" and going on to "The Covered Wagon." When, at this time, these Girl Scouts presented a tree to Foxlease in memory of their visit, they asked their founder, Mrs. Low, to plant it.

Foxlease will keep ever green the memory of Mrs. Low. A few of her relatives and friends in England have refurnished in her honor the little sitting room of The Link, and over the door they have placed a plaque carved with the words:

JULIETTE LOW
United States Great Britain

It was the greatest pleasure to her to have English guests staying with her in Savannah or American guests in her London home. I remember what a joy it was to her when in the summer of 1921 Mrs. Rippin, the national director of the Girl Scouts of the United States, came to stay with her in her house in Grosvenor Street. Together they went to a large rally of North

London Guides in Finsbury Park, an occasion graced by the presence of Princess Mary. The crowd, in their eagerness to see the Princess, surged forward, but were kept back by the guard of honor of Brownies, who stood quite firm in their places and never budged an inch. Mrs. Low was much impressed by this incident. She and Mrs. Rippin spent a week at the North of England Training School in Manchester, and both took the trouble to pass the English second-class test, a sporting act on the part of two such busy women, and one which was much appreciated by the English Guiders.

Recollections of Mrs. Low are many, and it is difficult to choose the most typical. She who was always the first to see and to retail a joke against herself often told the following story:

"The London Guides were holding a public meeting at Denison House and I was asked to be present to represent the Girl Scouts of the United States," she would begin, quite solemnly. "One of the speakers was Miss Anstruther Thomson for whom I had the greatest admiration, and to my dismay I saw the audience was not applauding her at all. I determined that I at least would show my appreciation, so, although I could not hear a word of what she was

saying, I clapped and called, 'Hear, hear!' at every pause in her speech. It was only afterward that I found her speech had been all about me and must have sounded like this: 'Mrs. Low is a very remarkable woman.' ('Hear, hear,' from D. L.) 'It is a marvellous piece of work to have founded the Girl Scouts of the United States.' (Loud applause from me, while the audience remained in stony silence!)"

If only we could remember all her stories! But the stories themselves would be nothing without her inimitable way of telling them.

"There is no question," said one of her friends the other day, "but that the world is a much *duller* place since Daisy left it."

Her wit irradiated the dark corners of life and turned the most ordinary, common-seeming objects into mysterious and fascinating ones. Where others would see an uninterested-looking house, she would see a fairy palace and, what is more, would start to make it into one! Her swans may have started as geese, but her enthusiasm had the power of transmuting them from dull barn door fowls into glorious winged creatures.

There are in the world few personalities so vivid as that of Juliette Low. Most human be-

Wide World Photos

A joke for her friends, the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts at the Foxlease World Camp in 1924

Wide World Photos

The Girl Scouts who in 1924 went as delegates from the United States to the World Camp at Foxlease asked their Founder to plant their tree of remembrance

ings, whatever their faults or virtues, are in the aggregate rather like a flock of sheep. She was unique. There is not, there never can have been anyone exactly like her. And as for guessing what she would think or say about anything, you might just as well have tried to forecast the path of a whirlwind. One moment she might be twinkling with laughter over something you had said, the next she would be flying at you like a little game-cock with all her feathers ruffled! This unaccountability is one of the marks of genius, and a genius she certainly was—a genius in human kindness.

Nothing that she ever did was a greater, a finer thing than when she stepped back and let other people take charge of Girl Scouting in the United States. She handed over her cherished nursling to those who, she felt, could do more for it than she. It was not easy for her with her ardent temperament, her strong likes and dislikes, her passionate belief in the righteousness of her own convictions, to work with other people, to give in to other people, but she did it with a completeness, with a generosity, with a magnanimity which proved of what stuff she was made.

She never ceased to battle for the things for

which she cared and in which she believed, especially for the principles that the girls' point of view must never be overlooked or forgotten. But she was big enough to recognize the fact that the actual direction and organizing of the Girl Scouts could be better done by other people. She would take no office after she resigned from the presidency. The only title she would accept was that of Founder of the Girl Scouts of the United States. As such she remained, the beloved of the Girl Scouts themselves, who instinctively felt that she understood them. She herself always had the direct vision of girlhood, its intolerance of pomposity and of pose.

We who knew her can never forget her. And if this little book can give to those who never saw her some idea of the personality of the woman who was not only the *first* Girl Scout but the *best* Girl Scout of the United States, it will not have failed of its object.

J B

VII

JULIETTE LOW BRINGS GIRL SCOUTING TO THE UNITED STATES

A picture of Juliette Low drawn by the first national secretary of the Girl Scouts and one which gives a glimpse of the faith and the determination that made possible the Girl Scouting of to-day.

VII

JULIETTE LOW BRINGS GIRL SCOUTING TO THE UNITED STATES

By Edith D. Johnston

THERE was never the slightest doubt in Mrs. Low's mind that the girls of the United States would be as enthusiastic over Girl Guiding as the girls of England. When in 1912 she returned from England with the handbook of the English Girl Guides tucked away in her suitcase and her mind bubbling with plans, to her the chief problem in launching the movement in our country lay in being equal to the task herself.

When she arrived in Savannah, quite characteristically she went straight to the girls themselves. She invited a number of them to her home, gave them a tea party, showed them pictures of Girl Guides in England, told them what those girls were doing—and before the

afternoon was over had them begging for a troop of their own!

"All right," replied Mrs. Low. "And we will use the stable back of the house here for your meetings. When you want to play games out-of-doors, you may use my vacant lot across the street."

"But what will we do when you go back to England?" asked one of the girls.

That, too, would be arranged. "I am going to tell everyone I know about the Girl Guides and how we are going to have them here in Savannah," she declared. "I will get a leader for you."

She did. Miss Nina Pape, now Girl Scout commissioner of Savannah, tells how that very evening she received a telephone call from Juliette Low:

> Come right over. I've got something for the girls of Savannah, and all America, and all the world, and we're going to start it to-night.

Nothing less than such a burning faith could have accomplished what Juliette Low accomplished for Girl Scouting. During those first days, her friends smiled affectionately over her enthusiasm and the swiftness of her imagina-

tion, which already saw girls in every state enrolled as Girl Scouts. Those friends lived to see her prophecy fulfilled.

And the way she set about starting troops in Savannah was not different from the way she worked throughout the country. Every bit of her dynamic energy she put into the movement so significant to her in its possibilities. And she made others see that significance. In the short time she was in Savannah she interested not only her personal friends in the Girl Guide plan, but public-spirited men and women everywhere in the city.

Almost before I knew what was happening I found myself appointed executive secretary of the Girl Guides, with Mrs. Low leaving immediately afterward saying by way of farewell, "Here is the English Girl Guide handbook. It will tell you what you need to know, and if it doesn't, use your common sense!"

Like Mrs. Low's own enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of the girls for their Guiding spread about the city. Six troops were soon under way, some with six or seven members, others with as many as sixty or seventy. When she left us, we followed her instructions and studied the English handbook. We planned our meetings with

its help. We worked upon the requirements for tenderfoot and second-class work. We played games on our vacant lot. We took hikes, especially bird hikes, keeping bird notebooks and greatly enjoying our nature study. We formed an inter-troop basket-ball league. And we made our own uniforms!

It would be almost impossible to convey to you just what a triumph those uniforms were to us. We had no patterns, no directions for making them. Using what pictures we had of English Girl Guides, it was necessary for us not only to devise the design but to decide upon materials, as well. The materials we finally selected were dark blue duck with light blue sateen ties. And after much cutting and recutting and pinning and repinning, we produced them. Our tenderfoot badges we manufactured from tan felt, stenciling the trefoil in green. And I am sure that no Girl Scout to-day could possibly cherish her uniform more than did those first Girl Scouts of Savannah—Girl Guides, as we still called them then.

Our first public appearance in our new uniforms was a great occasion. Every local organization of boys and girls joined in a May Day play

Juliette Low 1917-1918, five years after she brought Girl Guiding to the United States

Adams Studios, Savannah, Ga.

In 1912, these Girl Guides in Savannah—to-day, Girl Scouts in every state

festival in one of the city's loveliest parks. Everyone was invited who

> Through your heart to-day
> Feels the gladness of the May.

The Mayor of Savannah was the guest of honor, and hundreds of mothers and fathers and friends made up our interested audience. It was a colorful festival starting with a gay procession onto the Green—heralds in gorgeous apparel, as our programme said, personages of the fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty, choristers to greet the May, milkmaids with shining pails, Robin Hood, Maid Marian and the men and maids of the Merrie Greenwood, Jack-in-the-Green and the chimney sweeps, a company of shepherds and shepherdesses, village youths prepared for friendly combat, a group of Cornish dancers—none other than our Girl Guides in their new uniforms!—who with the rainbow dancers and the May Pole dancers and the Queen and the Lord and the Lady of the May made up our gay company.

All this while, though Mrs. Low was far from us in England, she had not forgotten us. She wrote volumes to us, letters filled with

quaintly misspelled words, and, whenever she heard of anything the English girls were doing that she thought we would enjoy, she at once dispatched a description of it to us.

Little by little, word of Girl Guiding spread throughout the entire city of Savannah. We gave an entertainment for our mothers. We had a column of troop news in the Savannah *Morning News* every week. We sent reports to Mrs. Low. And in the spring we welcomed her back among us with greatest enthusiasm—and a sigh of relief from the leaders of us. We had so many questions for her! There was so much we wished to know that we couldn't learn from the English handbook, excellent though that publication was.

Mrs. Low was equal to the occasion. During her stay in England she had made the Girl Guides her chief interest. She had had a Guide company of her own. She had spent a great deal of time in the English headquarters offices studying their methods, especially the way in which their leaders were being prepared for their work among the girls. She now knew what plans were most successful among the girls themselves.

Arrived in Savannah, her first concern was

to see for herself just what we were doing and what had been accomplished during her absence. She visited every troop. She talked with every leader. She went about among her friends asking them their impression of what the Girl Guides now meant in Savannah. And she became so delighted with our progress, although it seems little enough now, that she at once decided the time had come to launch a national organization of Girl Guides in this country.

While she was studying the question of where a national headquarters might best be established, and writing what must have been literally hundreds of letters about the Girl Guides to her own friends in various parts of the United States, she also started the writing of a handbook on Girl Guiding for the girls and their leaders in this country. The fundamental principles of the organization would remain the same, she knew. Yet the natural differences in the two countries, England and the United States, made necessary some changes and adjustments for the work here.

For all that her days were so occupied with her widening plans, Mrs. Low never forgot her girls. She presented a launch to the Girl Guides of Savannah, and we all enjoyed many delight-

ful outings in the waters around the city. She initiated a camping trip for her own first troop, personally going into every detail of the plans for it. The girls were away five days, returning volubly enthusiastic over camping, voluble but not enthusiastic over the mosquitoes! Their food had cost only eleven cents a day, but had been ample, as the healthy appearance of each girl attested.

Mrs. Low also sponsored a two weeks' camp, open to any Girl Guide who could go. This was held in the Y. M. C. A. camp, generously loaned us by our good friends. And those of us who went can still recall the good times of those two weeks—the swimming and the outdoor cooking and the boating and the camp-fire evenings. The climax of our camp season was our fancy-dress ball, with costumes surprisingly ingenious.

It was at this time that Mrs. Low offered me the position of national secretary. "Offered" is but a technical way of expressing it. What really happened was that Mrs. Low decided I was to be the national secretary and told me so! I was breathless over the tremendousness of the undertaking. Yet I could not refuse her. I had seen what Girl Guiding had come to mean to our

Savannah girls in one short year. I knew what it would mean to girls everywhere if it could be brought to them.

Already Mrs. Low's enthusiastic correspondence had awakened keenest interest among her own friends, especially those in Washington, Boston, New York, and Cincinnati. There was nothing else for me to do but say good-bye to the girls of Savannah and go with Mrs. Low. By this time the name had been changed to "Girl Scouts," and the girls themselves had voted a change in the color of the uniform. The clay soil of our Georgia state had proved quite devastating to any spick-and-span appearance of the blue duck, so khaki had been selected as more practical for our hikes, our picnicking, and our camping.

With real regret I left the two hundred or more Girl Scouts whom we had enrolled during the year since Mrs. Low had brought the plan to us and in June, 1913, went with her to Washington, where she had decided the national headquarters were to be opened. There, as well as in Savannah, Mrs. Low proceeded to finance the work from her own personal resources. She rented an office in the Munsey Building, bought furniture for it, and engaged a part-time office

assistant who would take charge of things until I could be there permanently. This young woman was to open the mail, send me all requests for information, and fill the orders for the handbook which Mrs. Low had by this time completed and sent to the printer.

While she was in the city, Mrs. Low called upon her Washington friends, informing all of them that they were now to help the Girl Scout movement, and designating some of them to become leaders of the troops which were shortly to be organized!

After returning from my vacation, one of the first things I did was to take a trip to New York City and call upon Mr. James E. West, national executive of the Boy Scouts. He welcomed me cordially, giving me many valuable suggestions and coöperating in every possible way.

Again though she was hundreds of miles away, there was no smallest detail in our growing organization to which Mrs. Low did not turn her attention. The latter part of September I received a telegram from her. She had just arrived in this country and this was the message:

Be prepared to meet me in New York, Baltimore, Washington or Boston.

Two days later this was followed by a summons to New York. Our meeting there lasted one afternoon, whereupon she left for Boston and in a few weeks sailed again for England. But during that afternoon we not only went over the progress of the work, we not only discussed plans for the future, we kept an appointment with a manufacturer whom Mrs. Low had selected as the man who was to make our uniforms!

Work in our office assumed a national aspect almost at once. I am sure that, varied as is the mail which comes to the Girl Scout national headquarters to-day, filled with new developments as it constantly is, no mail will ever be more interesting or more surprising than that which came to us in the Munsey Building. Each day's letters seemed to open up some new avenue of approach. Each day some new person wrote saying she had heard of the Girl Scouts and wished to organize a troop. I often wondered how they heard of us.

Mrs. Low returned to this country by Christmas time of that year, and early in January arranged with her attorneys to have the organization incorporated and the tenderfoot badge patented. She made important contacts for the

Girl Scouts with such people as Major Patterson of the Red Cross, thus establishing a coöperation which is still an important asset. When Mrs. Low went to call upon Major Patterson, I remember how pleased she was to find him already aware of the Girl Scouts and deeply interested in their work. And for this reason—the Red Cross had just made an award to a Savannah Girl Scout captain for the best instance of life-saving done by Red Cross methods. This captain had resuscitated a Negro overcome by gas while digging a ditch. And it was in her Girl Scout work that she had learned how to apply artificial respiration.

By this time, whenever Mrs. Low spoke anywhere on Girl Scouting, the newspapers were eager to have her story. Wherever she spoke, she gave interviews to representatives of local newspapers and of syndicates. Photographs of her and of the troops were published as news. And everywhere we could feel, reflected through our mail, the rapidly widening interest in the Girl Scout plan.

It often seemed impossible to me, looking back to the first little troop started in Savannah such a short while before, that one woman

Blues & Co., Ahead

From the first, tea parties were part of it to Juliette Low

Blues & Co., Ahead

The cabin in the woods near Savannah where the first Girl Guides camped out

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

In this building, at the back of Juliette Low's garden, the first group of Girl Guides gathered for their meetings. It is now the permanent property of the Girl Scouts of Savannah, left to them in her will by Mrs. Low

had been able to accomplish this. Yet aside from the newspapers and Mrs. Low's own speeches when she was in this country and her personal contacts, our only channel for spreading word of Girl Scouting had been our office correspondence, which was necessarily limited.

Now, as from the first, Mrs. Low was supporting both the national headquarters and the Savannah organization from her personal means, expending large sums not only upon the current expenses of both offices but upon patents, uniforms, handbooks, and other needs. When the war started in 1914, she sold her pearls to provide funds that the movement might continue.

And whenever she was in Washington, just as she had done in Savannah when she arrived to start her first troop, she went straight to the girls. I remember one night when the two of us made a visit to a remote suburb to meet a group of girls who wished to form a troop. It was dark. The snow was several feet deep. We had the greatest difficulty locating the house, floundering about, getting constantly more damp and more and more tired. My determination faltered. Not so Mrs. Low's. She had come to see those girls. She meant to see them. And she

did. We found the house at last and we stayed until the new troop was nicely on its feet and planning the next meeting.

On another occasion, deciding that the Washington Girl Scouts needed a place for indoor games, she suggested to her sister, Mrs. Wayne Parker, that she lend them a house which she owned on Rhode Island Avenue and which was then unoccupied. Mrs. Parker did so, placing the top floor at the disposal of the girls. Mrs. Low promptly installed basket-ball equipment —it is not known whether with or without the knowledge of Mrs. Parker!

It was inevitable that faith such as Juliette Low's, rewarded by so immediate a response and such concrete results, should be followed by active financial support from those who believed with her in the idealism of Girl Scouting and in the expression of that idealism in the Girl Scout programme. The Savannah organization now took steps to finance their work. And others became interested in the national organization.

From this time until the day of her death, the Girl Scouts and the Girl Guides were the most important thing in the world to Juliette Low. No personal sacrifice was too great for

her to make for them, no effort too demanding.

Yet such was her own attitude toward any sacrifice that she forgot it the minute it was made. And such her indifference to any possible honors that might come as the result of her work that they simply did not exist for her. Her mind was upon the future—and the girls.

And the girls paid their tribute to her by thinking of her as their "Miss Daisy"—their friend.

THE FIRST HONORARY COMMITTEE OF THE GIRL SCOUTS

1913

In Washington D. C.

Mrs. W. J. Boardman
Mrs. Alfred Burleson
Mrs. James Marion Johnson
Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar
Mrs. Richard G. Lay
Mrs. John Van Rensselaer
Mrs. Oscar Underwood
Miss Elizabeth Beckwith
Mrs. Rockwell S. Brand
Mrs. W. W. Gordon
Mrs. Louis W. Haskell
Miss Hortense Orcutt
Miss Nina Pape
Mrs. Frederick F. Reese

In Savannah, Georgia

Mrs. B. Palmer Axson
Mrs. George J. Baldwin

In Atlanta, Georgia

Mrs. John B. Gordon
Mrs. Cleland Kinloch Nelson

In Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. H. C. Greene
Miss Katherine Loring
Miss Louisa Loring
Mrs. Ronald Lyman
Mrs. Henry Parkman
Mrs. Wm. Lowell Putnam
Mrs. Lawrence Rotch
Mrs. William W. Vaughan
Mrs. Barrett Wendell

In New York City
Mrs. Philip Brown
Mrs. Samuel Drury
Mrs. Powers Farr
Mrs. Snowden Marshall
Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr.
Mrs. Douglas Robinson

In Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. Charles G. Washburn

In Orange, New Jersey
Mrs. Herbert Barry
Mrs. Thomas Edison
Mrs. Philip McK. Garrison
Mrs. George Merck

In Newark, N. J.
Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen
Mrs. Wayne Parker

In Birmingham, Alabama
Mrs. James Houston Johnston
Mrs. William S. Lovell

In Chicago, Illinois
Mrs. Carter Harrison
Mrs. Herbert Havemeyer
Mrs. Cyrus McCormick
Miss Frederica Skinner
Mrs. Mark Willing

In Baltimore, Maryland
Mrs. Douglas Gorman
Miss Manley

Juliette Low lived to see many Girl Scout little houses in all parts of the United States, among them this national little house in Washington D. C.

Paul Thompson, N. Y.

Juliette Low in 1916, at her desk in the first national headquarters in New York City

VIII

GIRL SCOUTING GETS UNDER WAY

She asked all her friends to help her with Girl Scouting, among them Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, who was the daughter of her school friend, Mary Gale Carter. Mrs. Choate later became the second national president of the Girl Scouts.

VIII

GIRL SCOUTING GETS UNDER WAY

By Anne Hyde Choate

In the early summer of 1915, a telephone call told me that my mother's intimate friend, Mrs. Juliette Low, was coming from the city to lunch with me in Pleasantville. This was a great surprise, as I had not seen her for several years, and a great pleasure as well, since, from the early days of my childhood, her coming had always meant exceptional fun and interest.

When Mrs. Low arrived, I found that the cause of her visit was the fact that a group of Girl Scouts had been started in the Pleasantville High School by one of the young teachers there. When I met Mrs. Low at the train she introduced me to this captain, who had come with her, and then, as we started for my house, she said:

"Well, I'm hoping that you will take an in-

terest in these girls. You know that I have brought this work from England, and here you have a troop in your own village. I shall certainly expect you to take an interest in them."

"Of course I will take an interest in them," I said (without knowing one single thing about them or their aims). "What am I to do?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Low very casually, "just pin on badges once a year."

During luncheon it developed that besides pinning on badges once a year, she also wanted me to form a council which was to back up the work of the captain, and she told me that the captain knew exactly who should be on this council and would tell me what to do. Also, that Miss Neale, the secretary who had her headquarters in Washington, would shortly send me all necessary information about the Girl Scout movement including samples of badges (so I should know what I was to pin on, I suppose), and existing literature. We had a very gay and pleasant luncheon without any further reference to the Girl Scouts, after which Mrs. Low vanished as we were accustomed to have her do, and I heard nothing more from her until the following spring.

I visited the captain at the high school, got

P. A. Nyholm, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This commodious building at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, was dedicated in 1924 as the National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts of the United States

A glimpse of a Girl Scout camp in the early days of Girl Scouting, 1917

the list of people she thought advisable to ask on the council, and, still with very little idea of what was entailed, I proceeded to call upon my neighbors, among whom was Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, and to ask them to come to a tea party at my house at which we would organize the Girl Scout council of Pleasantville. They all accepted, and a week later we met, adopted a constitution (out of a little blue handbook), elected officers, and, I hope, visited the troop in the course of time.

About March of 1916, Mrs. Low appeared again, as suddenly as she had vanished the summer before, and after a few words of greeting, announced that she was moving the Girl Scout headquarters from Washington to New York in time for a convention which they were going to hold in a patriotic society's meeting room shortly, and at which she expected a board of directors would be elected who would help her launch the Girl Scout organization, as it was now growing too big for her sole management; that she was willing to be president; that I was to be nominated vice-president with Mr. Ted Coy for treasurer, and Mrs. Snowden Marshall, Mrs. Theodore Price, and Mr. Percy Gordon for the other members of the board; that

she had very little time to spend with me as she was catching a train for Boston where she expected to lecture on Girl Scouts, and from there she was going to Cincinnati for a similar lecture at a Woman's Club!

I answered that I was very sorry, that it would be utterly impossible for me to come into her organization, as I already had my hands full of other duties and had no time to go into anything new. In spite of this, she left saying she would count on me.

When she got back from her lecture trip, full of enthusiasm over the way Mrs. Storrow and the Boston women were preparing to train themselves, and over the warm welcome that the Woman's Club in Cincinnati had given her and the work that they were going to do, she announced that she was now going to settle down in an empty house, from which Mrs. Price had just moved, to spend the next week there, writing the handbook for the American girls and making whatever changes in Sir Robert's programme she felt necessary for its use in this country, all of which she expected to have done in time for the convention, which was now about a week off.

I was still laughingly declining to be nomin-

ated for any office and had absolutely no intention of going into the work, but she found time to speak to me or call me up every day that week until, finally, one day she made me promise at least to come to the convention, and left saying, "Well, you might very much better accept the position of vice-president if you are elected, or else we will give you a job that really entails some work."

With this threat hanging over me, I went to the meeting the next morning and found some sixteen or twenty women from Savannah, Washington, Boston, New York, and Cincinnati in a great state of excitement. Daisy persuaded me to leave my name on the ticket as vice-president on the score that it was the only possible way to help her. The board was duly elected, and one meeting was held before Mrs. Low left New York for England after she had rented one room at seventeen West Forty-second Street and installed the Girl Scout files, badges, and Mr. Gammon from the South as secretary.

After the next meeting with Mrs. Low in October, she went to Savannah for the winter, while the rest of us met once a month and were amazed each time by the signs of growth and

life in the movement. At that time there were three thousand girls enrolled.

In November, 1916, Mr. Coy, the treasurer, said he felt it of great importance that some money should be raised so that Mrs. Low should no longer bear the entire burden of expense. Mrs. Snowden Marshall and I were made the committee to concoct the first letter of appeal. Our aim was one thousand dollars. We told our friends in our letter that we wanted contributions of five dollars and ten dollars. For twenty-five dollars one might become a life member and never be bothered again, a promise from which those who contributed the twenty-five dollars later released us!

Our efforts were successful, and more than a thousand dollars was in hand by January when Mrs. Low came north for a board meeting. She was so pleased by this success and by the growth of the troops that she moved Mr. Gammon with his files and badges to an office in the Harriman Bank Building, 527 Fifth Avenue, where she took two rooms and settled Mr. Gammon with a stenographer as his assistant.

During the course of that winter, I heard that Dr. James E. Russell, Dean of Teachers College, was much interested in the idea of a

Girl Scout movement, and at a chance meeting he invited me to come and tell him about it. All sorts of other people showed their interest and much of the winter was spent in getting in touch with them. Mr. Frank Dodge inquired about our plans; Miss Caroline Lewis came to lunch and told of her Girl Scout troop in the city; Miss Cora Nelson turned her sewing class of Italian children into a Girl Scout troop. Everywhere people were enthusiastic.

When war was declared with Germany in April, 1917, the Girl Scout board held a special meeting and sent a telegram offering its assistance to the President of the United States. Within a very few days of the declaration of of war all sorts of appeals for Girl Scout captains and for help in starting Girl Scout troops began to pour into our office from every part of the United States. It has always been a mystery to me how so many people heard of us. Mr. Gammon was completely snowed under. He sat in despair with piles of letters of inquiry surrounding him. It was then that I remembered Dean Russell's offer of assistance and rather tremblingly wrote to ask him for an appointment. This was promptly granted, and he was so much interested in the accounts of how our

troops were growing—since the previous November they had almost doubled—that he put on his hat and coat and went right down to our headquarters with me.

Dean Russell talked at length with Mr. Gammon and was sufficiently pleased by all he saw and heard to agree to become a member of the Girl Scout board and to write Mr. Francis P. Dodge of his approval of our work and efforts so that more financial support was immediately forthcoming. He also wrote Mrs. V. Everit Macy, who was then living in Washington, and urged her to join our board and to give us her support. And he persuaded me to go to Washington to see her and to follow up his suggestions. She was immensely interested from the first and accepted Mrs. Low's invitation to become a member of the board. At about this time, Mrs. J. J. Storrow came from Boston to find out what the New York headquarters were doing. As a result of her trip, she, too, accepted Mrs. Low's invitation to join the board.

During that summer, Mrs. Low kept in constant touch with the growing work. Upon the resignation of Mr. Gammon and at the suggestion of Dean Russell, she secured Dr. Abby Porter Leland as national director. Dr. Leland

took charge of the enlarged national headquarters in the autumn of 1917. Within the next few weeks, Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Miss Llewellyn Parsons, both from New York, became members of the board, as well as Mrs. Hirsch of Cincinnati, Miss Gates of Buffalo, and Miss Emma Hall of New Bedford.

Mrs. Storrow, meanwhile, had become chairman of the Education Committee and was preparing for the first national training school to be held the next summer at Miss Windsor's school in Boston. Miss Parsons became chairman of the Business and Shop Committee; I was appointed chairman of the Field and Standards Committee; Mrs. Bacon soon joined us as chairman of Publications and Publicity; Dean Russell became chairman of the Board.

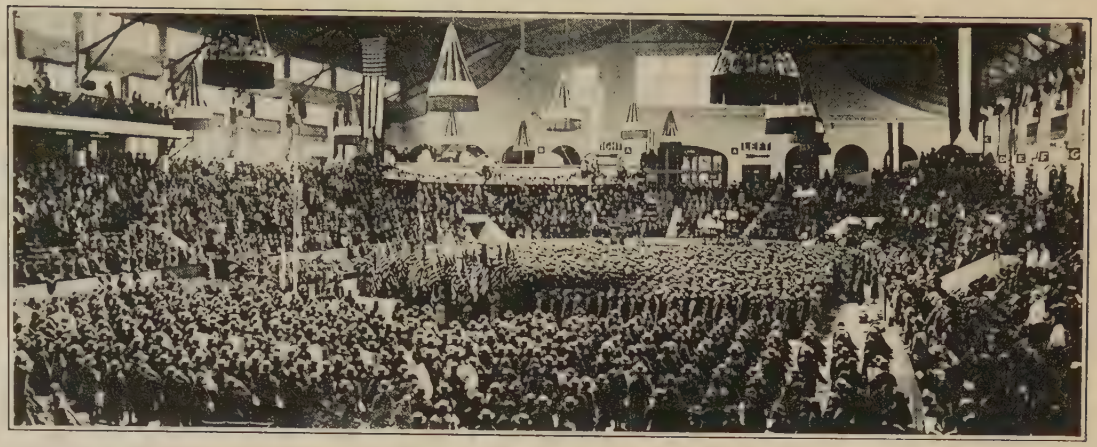
It was at one of the meetings of this early board of directors that the following amusing incident occurred which was written down by Miss Hall. Our minds had been buzzing over questions all the way from the training of Girl Scout leaders, the raising of funds, the securing of local councils, to the establishing of a shop, the trade-marking of our uniforms, and the helping of the girls in their selection of shoes!

It Happened

By Emma R. Hall

In the pioneer times, when opening the way,
The National Executive met twice in one day.
We were all full of zeal to do Scouts a good turn
And to guide them their physical comfort to learn.
On life's journey both smooth and rough roads they must meet,
So, thought Helen Storrow, "Let's begin with their feet!"
A good shoemaker she found, proper lasts she did choose,
And down to the meeting she came with some shoes.
Daisy Low put them on, they were right for her feet.
Helen Storrow said, "Daisy, you may have them to keep."
Their heels were quite different from those Daisy wore
But the longer she wore them, she liked them the more.

Later on in that day as business questions grew few,
Anne Choate suddenly said, "Oh, where is that shoe?"
Then Daisy arose, stepped out from her seat,
Said, "They're grand, I've had them all day on my feet."
Quoth Anne, "Please to show them that we all may see



Keystone View Co., Inc., N. Y.

To-day throughout the country Girl Scouts pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States as did five thousand at this Massachusetts rally

"Grow, grow, grow—
And climb to Him who made you."
From the Girl Scout Tree Song

And judge of what value to Scouts they shall be."
Said Daisy, "How shall they be ex-hib-i-ted—
With my feet on the table or
Shall I stand on my head?"
Oh, we surely could view them much best in the air!
Daisy found a clear space, with meticulous care
Tucked her skirts round her knees, kept them firmly held there—
Stood, her head on the floor, waved the shoes high and free,
While the Executive Committee applauded with glee!

As may be seen, our all-day executive board meetings were full of fun as well as business, and the source of the fun was invariably Mrs. Low. Through all the planning, the vital point in Daisy's mind was to keep every part of the organization flexible, never to forget that Girl Scouting was a game.

A convention was held in the autumn of 1917 in the directors' library of the Metropolitan Tower. The number of delegates answering as Dr. Leland read the roll call, fifty or more, was so astonishingly great that those of us who had served on the first little board, entirely made up of Mrs. Low's intimate friends, realized that we were indeed in a growing, throbbing movement which was demanding all our energies and

the best thought we could give it. The spirit evident in everyone made us all very glad that we had followed those first earnest, personal appeals from our dear friend and leader.

From the beginning Juliette Low had met every demand, writing the Girl Scout literature, acting as its publicity agent, as the one who trained the first captains, as the organizer of its first local councils, as the establisher of the first shop and headquarters and offices. She had met every demand because she realized the value of the Girl Scout movement for the girls of this country.

Mrs. Low saw the vision, she gave everything in herself to plant the seed and to tend the young shoot, and as others came forward to help her with the ever-growing plant she encouraged them all to look higher and higher and wider and wider in preparation for the increasing work.

During the last years of her life, her heart sang with the feeling that this movement was bringing joy and happiness to many girls in this land and a feeling of sisterhood toward the girls of all nations which will ever be an increasing force for Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

IX

JULIETTE LOW GOES CAMPING

Juliette Low loved to visit Girl Scout camps, but none was more dear to her than the one she herself planned, and of which Dorris Hough has been the director from the first.

Wide World Photos

Girl Scout hikers all the year around

The rocky hillside on Lookout Mountain up which Miss Daisy scrambled in her search for a camp site and where the girls of Camp Juliette Low to-day spend many happy summer hours

IX

JULIETTE LOW GOES CAMPING

By Dorris Hough

WHEN we came to name the camp on Lookout Mountain in Georgia, which was to be for all the Girl Scouts and their leaders of the South, there was only one name it could be called—Camp Juliette Low. For it was Mrs. Low who decided we must have it. It was she who first bumped over mountain roads and pushed through underbrush looking for a site, she who so aroused the interest of a man who lived in the section that he offered to present her with sufficient land for the camp and she who produced the first two tents that were pitched for Girl Scouts on that mountain, having summoned them, so to speak, from the vicinity of the Hudson River, where she herself had used them in a Girl Scout camp.

Once she had made up her mind we were to

have a camp and that it was to be on Lookout Mountain, she lost no time in getting behind a mule team and exploring. She then wrote me asking me to go with the Girl Scout captain of Rome, Georgia, to the general vicinity she had chosen and see what I could find.

"Whatever place you decide on is all right with me," she wrote, with her characteristic faith in any of the Girl Scout aides. So Miss Frances King, the Girl Scout captain, and I proceeded to explore. We fell in love with a natural basin which, formed by a mountain stream, would make a glorious swimming pool for the girls. And on a precipitate but picturesque hillside we came upon an open space where great jagged rocks loomed unexpectedly on all sides. We gasped in delight. "This is the place," we decided.

Before the final decision was made, however, Mrs. Low came to look at the site we had chosen. She too loved the rocks and the tall trees and the mountain pool.

The man who was giving us the land, Mr. Ledbetter, had other ideas. There was another piece of property he preferred as his donation, and he said so frankly. Mrs. Low gave scant heed to his remarks. The fact that we were not

paying for the land made not the slightest difference to her. "The rocks it will be or nothing," she announced decisively.

The rocks it was.

The next step was to transfer the property to Mrs. Low. Since the deed was to be in her name, she again came on to affix her signature. She arrived with a suitcase, a Pekinese dog, a crate of fruit, four boxes, and an umbrella. We managed to get to the notary's there in the little town at the foot of the mountain, only to find to our consternation that Mr. Ledbetter had sent down the deed without the seal. And the deed itself could not be registered until the seal was obtained.

In distress we telephoned up the mountain. "No, ma'am, I can't come down," replied our friend. "I'm workin' on the road."

"But have you got the seal?" we inquired.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I've got the seal sure 'nough. Just naturally slipped my mind about it."

"Will you put it on if we come up with the deed?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I'll put it on."

I am sure that to this day the notary does not know what happened to him! Before he had a moment to agree to the plan, he was bundled

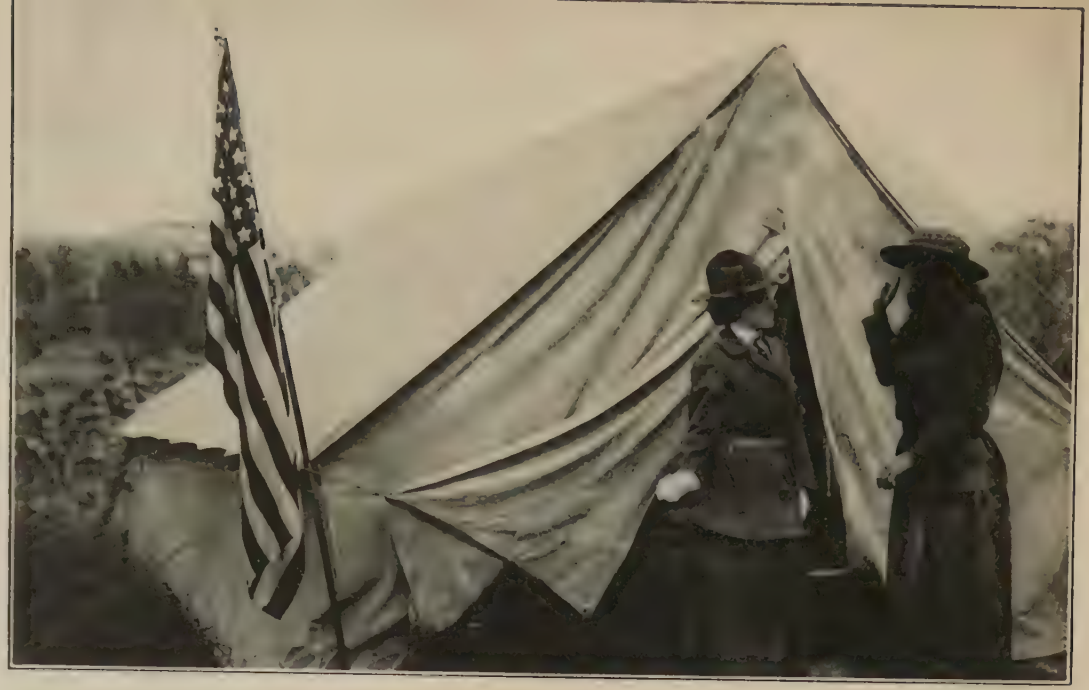
into a wheezy car by our founder, along with her suitcase, her crate of fruit, her four boxes, her Pekinese, her umbrella, our two suitcases, and our two selves! We had just about reached Mr. Ledbetter's when we were stopped in our tracks by a huge construction machine. The road was completely blocked—and what to do?

Just then a voice called from the top of the cliff above us, "Can you-all get up here?" It was Mr. Ledbetter himself, and there was a certain finality in his tone which indicated that it was get up there or nothing, so far as the deed was concerned!

Mrs. Low glanced briefly up the cliff, accepted the finality, and replied, "I can but my dog can't." And prepared for the ascent.

In the end, the dog did. Some way or other, after much struggling, our entire party, including the necessary notary, who was by this time meekly acquiescent to everything suggested, achieved the side of the elusive Mr. Ledbetter. And on top of the cliff, in the presence of the constituted legal authority and the Pekinese, the seal was affixed and the property on which our camp was built officially transferred to Juliette Low.

We were to spend the night in a cottage on



International Film Service, Inc.

Juliette Low in front of the tent she pitched at the first Girl Scout Camp in New York State and which she later had sent to Georgia for the campers there

Talking over the affairs of the camp in a Court of Honor meeting, the representative body of both girls and their leaders

Mr. Ledbetter's property and by the time we had arrived, supper was served. Immediately after supper, Mrs. Low announced, "And now we will go over to the camp." That camp was already as real to her as though the tents had been pitched and the buildings constructed.

Mr. Ledbetter said, "My car isn't runnin' so well. I'll get it fixed first thing to-morrow mornin', though."

"We'll walk, then," said Mrs. Low serenely, and started off.

We had gone little more than fifteen feet or so when our friend called after us, "Wait a minute, you-all. John, get out that car."

Every detail of the camp was of intensest interest to her. She tramped about, measuring this space and that, deciding where the dining hall and other camp buildings were to be placed. She was most determined not to sacrifice any of the beautiful trees on the site, and each possible situation was considered with them in mind.

Our plan from the first was to make of this camp a training camp for leaders. So Camp Juliette Low was started first of all for them, the Girl Scouts being invited so that our leaders who came might be among such girls as they would later have in their own troops. This idea

was then a new one in Girl Scouting. Many felt that a camp should be primarily for the girls themselves and that to start such a camp for leaders was putting the cart before the horse.

Mrs. Low went calmly on with her plans. To her the conception was a vital one. "It's right, my dear," she told me, "so we'll go ahead. When a thing is right, you can always find a way."

And so Camp Juliette Low was built on the top of Lookout Mountain, with the tall trees and the rocks and the ferns and the grasses and the flowers and the birds on every side. After it was finished, Mrs. Low was able to pay us only three visits, but they were memorable occasions. The entire camp would assemble eagerly at the turn in the road, awaiting only the first sight of her car to burst forth with their "Away Down South in Dixie" song to her:

Away down South in old Savannah,
First was raised the Girl Scout banner,
Daisy Low, Daisy Low, Daisy Low,
Founder dear!

Now Scouting spreads to either ocean,
Thousands bring you deep devotion,
Daisy Low, Daisy Low, Daisy Low,
Founder dear!

Away down South in Dixie,
Daisy Low, Daisy Low,
The Girl Scout band on every hand
Are bringing praise together.
Daisy Low, Daisy Low,
Our love shall fail you never;
Daisy Low, Daisy Low,
Dwell in our hearts forever.

She was the most enthusiastic camper among us, going with us on our hikes, cooking over our outdoor fires, swimming in our swimming pool. She brought her own special bathing suit, I remember, which had very full, very long bloomers, and a very full, very long skirt adorned with row upon row of white braid. The girls might wear what they wished, but for herself only the voluminous model was to be considered. When she left she said, "Now I am going to leave this suit for Mrs. Rippin. I am sure she will prefer it to those newfangled things the girls get on." That Mrs. Rippin might bring her own bathing suit apparently did not occur to her!

In the dining room she went from table to table among the girls, taking part in their discussions as vivaciously as though she were their own age—as, indeed, she was. And before meals and after meals and at any time at all during

the day you might see her about the camp telling fortunes. On one of her visits, she read the palm of every person in camp, including that of the boy who brought the milk. The girls took her prophecies very much to heart, and many a bit of shrewd wisdom was passed along in the guise of a "fortune."

All the while that she stayed with us, there was but one kind of camp-fire programme that the girls would have—stories by "Miss Daisy." How she could tell them! Ghost stories she had heard when she lived in her Scotch castle, recounting them with a solemnity and a depth of feeling that convinced us of their truth and sent shivers down our spines. Amusing stories—especially those on herself. The girls never tired of the one about the Scotch peddler.

It seems that one day, as Mrs. Low was walking along a road in Scotland, she came to a stream that with heavy rains had swollen to a torrent. The only bridge was a foot log, which seemed most unstable to her.

She was wondering what to do when a peddler approached. Mrs. Low went up to him, explaining that since she was deaf and her sense of balance impaired, she was afraid to trust herself to the log without assistance.

"Now you go ahead of me while I walk behind with my hand on your shoulder," she directed.

"But, madam——" began the man.

Our Miss Daisy would listen to no objections. "I can't get across without it," she declared. "You go first, I say, and I'll put my hand on your shoulder."

Again the man started to protest. Again she interrupted with explicit instructions as to just what he was to do. At length, in resignation, the peddler proceeded across the log, Mrs. Low behind him, eyes tight shut and with her hand upon his shoulder.

Arrived safely upon the other side, Mrs. Low beamed upon him and said, "Now, my good man, what was it you wished to say?"

"I wanted to tell you I am blind, madam," he replied.

And having told it, she would pause to laugh as heartily as any of us, looking down at us with a twinkle in her eyes that said, "Can you beat *that?*"

The greatest favorite of all her stories among the girls, however, was the one she herself most loved—Little-Ship-under-Full-Sail, the story of her great-grandmother who was kidnaped by

the Indians. And she liked best to tell it outdoors by the high-burning camp fire, with the dark of the night just beyond us and the eerie hoot of an owl in the woods beyond.

She not only loved girls, she respected them. She respected their judgments, their preferences. I remember one occasion when a woman came up to her exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Low, you must be so happy in having done such a great work. You have done so much good to girls."

Mrs. Low surveyed her calmly, then said, "The Angel Gabriel couldn't make them take what they don't want."

Whenever any plan was introduced into Girl Scouting of which she herself did not approve, her point of view was philosophical. "If it isn't right," she would say, "the girls won't take to it and it won't last." The girls—it was of them that she thought first and last.

Our trips together in the interest of Camp Juliette Low were always filled with incidents that were amusing but that revealed her quick sympathy and ready understanding. I remember once when we arrived in Atlanta and wished to be taken to one of the hotels there. Mrs. Low

approached a taxi at the curb and inquired the fare of the driver.

"Two dollars," replied the man.

Mrs. Low was indignant. "Two dollars!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I have money to throw away like that? Two dollars, indeed!"

And she bore down upon a near-by horse cab. Upon being told by the old Negro that his charge would be one dollar, she motioned to me and we climbed in. We had not gone far before Mrs. Low became exercised over the condition of the horse, whose ribs were much in evidence.

When we alighted she took a five-dollar bill from her purse. "Here, Uncle," she said to the Negro. "Now give that bag of bones of yours a good meal," and walked into the hotel.

Pacific and Atlantic Photo

"What are you going to cook for lunch?" The duly appointed representatives of their encampments at Camp Andree, the national Girl Scout Camp, talk over menus for the day

Underwood & Underwood

One of her girls

X

LITTLE-SHIP-UNDER-FULL-SAIL

Juliette Low often told this story of her great-grandmother to Girl Scouts around the camp fire. This version of it was written by her grandmother, Mrs. John Kinzie, in Mrs. Kinzie's book, *Waubun.*

X

LITTLE-SHIP-UNDER-FULL-SAIL

By Mrs. John H. Kinzie

ON a bright afternoon in the autumn of 1779, two children of Mr. Lytle, a girl of nine and her brother two years younger, were playing in the rear of their father's house on the Plum River, a tributary of the Alleghany in western Pennsylvania. Some large trees, which had been recently felled, were lying here and there, their branches still untrimmed, and the children were having great fun climbing about in them.

Suddenly the girl jumped to the ground, excitedly motioning to her brother. "I saw a strange Indian," she whispered.

"Where?" her brother asked.

"Over there."

The boy looked in the direction of her pointing, then seized her hand in alarm and ran for

the house. When they had told the story to their mother, however, she was undisturbed.

"Don't be babies," she said. "Go back to your play and learn to have such courage as befits the children of your father. For when have unfriendly Indians come to these parts? Have you so easily forgotten the moccasins left you only last week by your good friend of the Shawanoes?"

"But, Mother," protested the girl, "this was no friendly Indian, no Shawanoe. He was strange and very bad-looking."

"Nonsense," returned her mother. "Run along now."

So they went back to their sports, determined to show the courage which their mother so highly praised. It was not long before the clear, low call of a quail sounded from the woods behind them.

"Listen!" said the boy.

Again the quail called.

The boy and the girl stood still. "Yes, and what is that rustling in the branches of that tree?" asked the girl fearfully.

The boy started to reply, "Oh, only a squirrel, I think," when suddenly the two were seized from behind and pinioned.

The Indian who kidnapped Juliette Low's great-grandmother--Ki-on-twog-gy, Cornplanter, the Seneca chief of the tribe of Iroquois, called Big-White-Man because of his unusual appearance—a picture taken from the Indian Gallery in Washington

Juliette Low's great-grandfather, John Kinzie, built the first house in the city of Chicago, outside Fort Dearborn, and it was here that Juliette Low herself, as a little girl, saw her grandfather receive a group of Indians in the back yard

Indians!

The girl had been right when she had told her mother that the Indian she had seen was fierce and unfriendly. With swift hands their captors muffled the children's cries and hurried them off, half dead with terror. The party traveled swiftly in utter silence, stopping only when night approached.

In an agony of uncertainty and terror, torn from their home and parents, anticipating all the horrors that the rumors of the times had given them to believe were inevitable in captivity among the Indians—perhaps even a torturing death—the poor children could no longer restrain their grief, and sobbed bitterly.

Their distress appeared to excite the compassion of one of the party, a man of mild aspect, who approached and tried to comfort them. He spread them a couch of the long grass which grew near the encamping place, offered them a portion of his own stock of dried meat and parched corn, and gave them to understand by signs that no further evil was intended them.

These kindly demonstrations were interrupted by the arrival of another party of the enemy, bringing with them the mother of the little prisoners with her youngest child, a baby three

months old. It so happened that the father of the family, with his serving men, had gone early in the day to a "raising" at a few miles' distance, and the house had been left without a defender. The long period of tranquillity which the settlers in that part of the country had recently enjoyed had quite thrown them off their guard, and they had laid aside much of the caution they had formerly found necessary. So Mrs. Lytle, as well as her children, had been easy prey.

In greatest anxiety, Mrs. Lytle watched the chief of the party. What did he mean to do with them? She could not tell. And, cautioning the boy and girl to be quiet and give no sign of any fear, she told them that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of their remaining brother and sister, a boy of six and a little girl four years of age. She hoped, she said, that they had escaped with their servant girl, who had also disappeared. She was sick with anxiety, yet, pioneer that she was, she held herself erect and calmly made ready to accompany the Indians on their march.

She carried her baby in her arms—no light burden, and an increasingly heavy one as the

miles followed each other. When, at last, fatigue became so great that each step seemed an almost impossible effort, one of the older Indians stepped to her side and offered to relieve her. His face seemed more kind to her than many of the others, and, touched by the unexpected kindness, she gave him the baby.

As the party continued on its way, the Indian who carried the baby loitered farther and farther behind. At length he entirely disappeared from view, returning in a few moments without the baby. At once Mrs. Lytle noticed the absence of her child. Agonizedly she looked from one to another of the party, hoping to see the little figure in other arms. It was not there. He had killed it, she knew. Yet realizing in that instant that the lives of her boy and girl depended upon her firmness, she walked on without a word.

After a long and painful march of many days, the party reached the Seneca village, upon the headwaters of the Alleghany, near what is now called Olean Point. On their arrival, the chief, who was distinguished by the name of the Big-White-Man because of a strain of Irish ancestry, led his prisoners to the principal lodge. This

was occupied by his mother, the widow of the head chief of that band, who was called by them the old Queen.

On entering the presence of the old Queen, her son, the chief, presented to her Mrs. Lytle's daughter, saying:

"My mother, I bring you a child to take the place of my brother, who was killed by the Lenape six moons ago. She shall dwell in my lodge and be to me a sister. Take the white woman and her children and treat them kindly. Our Father will give us many horses and guns to buy them back again."

He referred to the British Indian agent of his tribe, Colonel Johnson, who resided at Fort Niagara on the British side of the river of that name, and who would most certainly pay a heavy ransom for the return of Mrs. Lytle and her children.

Late in the evening of the tragic day, the father returned home. Everything was silent and desolate. No trace of a living creature was to be found throughout the house or the grounds. His nearest neighbors lived at a considerable distance, but to them he hastened, frantically demanding tidings of his family. No one could

give him any hope, but one after another joined him in the search.

Next morning, as they approached a hut which they thought deserted, they were startled by the sight of two children standing upon the high bank in front of it. The father ran to them —yes, they were two of his little family. But they could give him no news of their mother or the baby or their older brother and sister.

They had been playing in the garden, they said, when they had seen strange Indians stealthily enter the yard and go toward the house. Unseen by the marauders, the brother, who was only six years of age, had helped his little sister over the fence into a field overrun with blackberry and wild raspberry bushes. They had hidden among these for awhile, and then, finding everything quiet, they had attempted to force their way to the side of the field farthest from the house. Unfortunately the little girl had pulled off her shoes and stockings in the garden, and the briars now cut her feet. Her brother took off his stockings and put them on her. He attempted, too, to protect her feet with his own shoes, but the shoes were too large and kept slipping off. For a time, they per-

severed in making what they considered their escape from certain death. But at last, exhausted with pain and fatigue, the little girl declared she could go no further.

"Then, Maggie," said her brother, "I must kill you, for I cannot let you be killed by the Indians."

"Oh, no, Thomas," she pleaded, "do not kill me—I do not think the Indians will find us!"

"Oh, yes, they will, Maggie, and I could kill you so much easier than they would!"

For a long time he endeavored to persuade her, even looking about for a stick sufficiently large for his purpose, but, when the girl promised her brother that she would neither complain nor falter in their flight, he agreed not to kill her.

After a few more efforts they made their way out of the field into an unenclosed pasture ground, where to their great delight they saw some cows feeding. They recognized them as belonging to Granny Myers, an old woman who lived at some little distance.

With a sagacity beyond his years, the boy said, "Let us hide ourselves till sunset. When the cows go home, we will follow them."

They did so, but, to their dismay, when they

reached Granny Myers's they found the house deserted. The old woman had been called by some business down the valley and did not return that night. When the children were found the following morning, they were wondering what to do next.

Mr. Lytle lost no time in applying for help at Fort Pitt. There the commandant readily furnished him with a detachment of soldiers to help him in his search. From forest to forest they went, making their inquiries with greatest caution, and at last they came to the village of the Big-White-Man and learned that they had reached their goal.

Here they immediately entered into a treaty with the Indians for the ransom of the captives. This was quite easily accomplished for Mrs. Lytle and her son. But no offers, no entreaties, no promises could procure the release of the little Eleanor, who was now the adopted child of the tribe.

"No," the chief said, "she is my sister. I have taken her for my mother, the old Queen, to supply the place of my brother who was killed by the enemy. She is dear to me, and I will not part with her."

Finding every effort futile, the father was

at length compelled to take his sorrowful departure with his wife and son. Time rolled on. Each year the hope of recovering the young captive became more faint. She, in the meantime, continued to wind herself more and more closely around the heart of her Indian brother. Nothing could exceed the consideration and affection with which she was treated, not only by himself, but by his mother, the old Queen. They gave her lovely presents, brooches and wampum. The principal seat and the most delicate viands of every feast were invariably reserved for her, and no efforts were spared to make her happy.

So, although she had seen the departure of her parents and brother with a feeling almost amounting to despair, and had for a long time resisted every attempt at consolation, preferring even death to a life of separation from her beloved family, she had, nevertheless, at length grown contented and happy in her Indian family. Because of her activity and the energy of her character, qualities for which she was remarkable to the latest period of her life, the Indians gave her the name of "Little-Ship-under-Full-Sail."

For four years so completely was Nelly iden-

tified with the life of the tribe that the memory of her home and family all but faded from her mind. She spoke the Indian language. She lived as they did, wore their kind of clothes, ate their food.

The peace of 1783 between Great Britain and the United States now took place. A general pacification of the Indian tribes followed, and fresh hope was renewed in Mr. and Mrs. Lytle that their young daughter might be returned to them.

They accordingly removed with their family to Fort Niagara, near which on the American side the great Council Fire of the Senecas was to take place. Colonel Johnson, the British agent, readily undertook negotiations with the chief, and in order to insure every chance of success proceeded in person to the village of the Big-White-Man.

His visit was most opportune. When he arrived among them, the Feast of the Green Corn was being celebrated. Everyone appeared in his gala dress. The adopted girl was gay in a petticoat of blue broadcloth, bordered with gay-colored ribbons, a sack or upper garment of black silk, ornamented with three rows of silver brooches, the center ones from the throat to

the hem being of large size, and those from the shoulders down being no larger than a shilling piece and set as closely as possible. Around her neck were innumerable strings of white and purple wampum, an Indian ornament manufactured from the inner surface of the mussel shell. Her hair was clubbed behind and loaded with beads of various colors. Leggings of scarlet cloth and moccasins of deerskin embroidered with porcupine quills completed her costume.

Colonel Johnson was received with all the consideration due to his position and the long friendship that had existed between him and this Seneca tribe. Seeing that the hilarity of the festival had warmed and opened all hearts, he took occasion in an interview with the chief to talk of the deep love which had led the father and mother of the young adopted sister to give up their friends and home and come hundreds of miles away, in the single hope of looking upon her and perhaps talking to her. The heart of the chief softened as he listened to this story, and he promised that at the Grand Council soon to be held at Fort Niagara he would attend, bringing his adopted sister with him. He exacted a promise, however, from Colonel John-

son that no effort should be made to reclaim her, and that no proposal to part with her should be offered him.

The time at length arrived, and Nelly was placed on horseback to accompany her Indian brother to the great Council of the Senecas. She had promised him that she would never leave him without his permission, and he relied confidently upon her word.

You can imagine how Nelly's father and mother hoped—and feared—as the chiefs and warriors arrived in successive bands to meet their father, the agent, at the Council Fire. At last they saw the girl's party emerging from the forest on the opposite or American side. Boats were sent across by the commanding officer to bring the chief and his party. The father and mother, attended by all the officers and women, stood upon the grassy bank awaiting their approach.

The Indian chief held his adopted sister by the hand until the river was passed—until the boat touched the bank—until the girl sprang forward into the arms of the mother from whom she had been so long separated.

When the chief witnessed this outburst of af-

fection, he could withstand no longer. "She shall go," he said. "The mother must have her daughter again. I will return alone."

With one silent gesture of farewell he turned and stepped into the boat. No arguments or entreaties could induce him to remain at the Council, but having gained the other side of the Niagara, he mounted his horse, and with his young men was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

After a sojourn of a few weeks at Niagara, Mr. Lytle, fearing that the resolution of the Big-White-Man might weaken and measures be taken once more to deprive him of his daughter, came to the determination of again changing the location of their home. He therefore took the first opportunity of crossing Lake Erie with his family, and of settling himself in the neighborhood of Detroit, where he continued afterward to reside.

Nelly saw her friend the chief no more, but she never forgot him. To the day of her death she remembered with tenderness and gratitude her brother the Big-White-Man and her friends and playfellows among the Senecas.

This story is an authentic incident in the annals of Middle-West pioneering in the United

States and was written down by Mrs. John Kinzie, at the personal request of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Eleanor Lytle Kinzie, who described for her the events of the kidnaping as she remembered them. Juliette Low always delighted in the fact that she, too, was called *Little-Ship-Under-Full-Sail.*

XI

HERE AND THERE WITH JULIETTE LOW IN GIRL SCOUTING

"Girl Scouting was a game to her and she had the greatest fun playing it!" This is how Juliette Low seemed to Josephine Daskam Bacon, first chairman of the National Publication Committee.

"She invented enough situations to have used up thousands of feet of film"—one situation from The Golden Eaglet, *devised by Juliette Low*

Juliette Low awarding the Golden Eaglet badge, in the first Girl Scout motion picture, The Golden Eaglet

Juliette Low pinning the tenderfoot badge upon Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the President of the United States and honorary president of the Girl Scouts. Mrs. Herbert Hoover stands just behind Mrs. Low

XI

HERE AND THERE WITH HER IN GIRL SCOUTING

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

WHEN I think of Mrs. Low, I find that I recall her in three flashing memory pictures—all different, but each one so characteristic of her that, added together, they explain the whole woman for me. Anyone who had seen but one of these sides of her could never appreciate her remarkable personality—I never did myself, until I had seen them all.

The first time was in the Girl Scout Camp, where we were staging our first official motion picture, *The Golden Eaglet*. It was a very exciting occasion for all of us, and author, director, and cast were in the state of turmoil inseparable from such affairs. Everybody was a little nervous, a little worried, and more than a little tired. None of us had ever acted before a

camera, and everybody was a little conscious of this—everybody, that is, but Mrs. Low! From the moment she appeared on the scene, the whole thing took on the proportions of a gigantic game, a colossal good time, which she enjoyed, I am sure, more than anybody else connected with it. In her big, broad-brimmed hat, with her beloved whistle and knife dangling from her leather belt (I don't remember her ever being without these useful implements of dress!) she literally flew about the place, beaming with appreciation and delight. I am sure she would have liked to appear in every scene; she invented enough situations to have used up thousands of feet of film; she cheerfully suggested alterations in the plot, action, and management which puzzled and terrified the director, who confided to me, almost with tears, that he was afraid she'd never speak to us again after we had explained to her, as tactfully as we could, that though she undoubtedly knew more about the Girl Scout movement than anybody on the spot, still she couldn't interfere in this carefully planned and technically difficult matter.

"She seems to think taking a moving picture is a game!" he mourned.

And that is precisely what she did think! She brought to it the gayety, the thrill, the adventurous spirit of a twelve-year-old. And when I told her that at a certain point she had to appear and in her own person review a Girl Scout parade that went by and award the greatest honor, the Golden Eaglet badge, she threw herself into it with an ardor and a seriousness that amazed me.

"Am I all right? How do I look? Can't I march, too?" she cried.

And as she swung into it it suddenly dawned on me that she *loved* that big hat; she *loved* that ridiculous whistle; she *loved* her whole uniform! She wasn't wearing them, as some of us were, because it was necessary or because it seemed best: *she loved to wear them!*

She loved it just as Roosevelt loved his big hat; she was the eternal girl, just as he was the eternal boy. And so she could drench with her vitality and enthusiasm the little plant she had brought over from England, and cherish it till it grew into the great tree that it is to-day. And I don't think anything less than that spirit could have done it.

Of all her fellow workers with whom I was associated in the ten years I worked with them,

three stand out as brushed with this wing of the eternal spirit of youth: Mrs. Storrow, Mrs. Choate, and Mrs. Edey. They were not working for Girl Scouts—they *were* Girl Scouts!

When I laughed at Mrs. Choate for assuring me solemnly that making a map for the first-class test was the most thrilling thing she ever did in her life; when I teased Mrs. Edey for drilling her troops till she and they nearly dropped dead on the field; when I accused Mrs. Storrow of cooking her breakfast in a bean pot on the bedroom floor of a big New York hotel, I was laughing at the spirit of Peter Pan that must live in the heart of any such movement to keep it alive. That this spirit burned like a woodland bonfire in the big heart of Sir Robert Baden-Powell no one can ever doubt who has read his English handbook, the foundation of the plan.

No rules, no organizations, no theories of any sort can ever take its place: unless a sincere personal delight in the Girl Scout activities exists in a certain proportion of its national leaders, these activities will inevitably lose their hold on the hearts of youth, for which they were devised. And if succeeding leaders light their

In 1926, the city of Savannah gave public tribute to Juliette Low and her work, with a special program in Forsythe Park. The mayor of the city is here presenting to her a scroll of recognition

Hiram Myers

Girl Scouting was a game to Juliette Low and she lived to see it played by more than 150,000 girls in 1927

J. B. Murdoch Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

It is a game that is played in many places and in many ways

fires from the glowing fire of Juliette Low's enthusiasm, those fires will never die!

When she dashed across to the director, after our picture was finished, he braced himself for a torrent of criticism and expostulation, for we had been obliged to disappoint her more than once and to ignore most of her impetuous requests and suggestions. Her own decisions were made like lightning, and she could never understand why they couldn't revolutionize more carefully planned effects. But to his surprise she enveloped us in a glowing smile of congratulation.

"It's simply perfect!" she cried. "It's wonderful! It's the best thing you've done yet! There isn't a single thing to be changed!"

If she ever bore a grudge, I never knew it—and I should have known it, for I, alas, encountered her quick wrath more than once. And it is one of those occasions that makes my second picture of her.

She had herself chosen the name for our first little magazine: *The Rally*. I had never liked it and said so frankly. When she assured me that all Girl Scouts knew and loved the word, and that I would learn to love it, too, I replied that I doubted this last, as to my mind it inevitably

recalled the Salvation Army, and that, although I heartily admired this great organization, it was so much better known than ours that there was no sense in confusing them. However, I undertook to edit the magazine, though I warned her that if we grew as we ought to grow, the name would not prove a practical, good selling one.

We were soon growing by leaps and bounds, and as we grew our organization grew more and more complex. Committees doubled and trebled, and decisions grew more technical and important. Mrs. Low was a born autocrat, and she had not grown up in a generation trained to the coöperative dividing of responsibility. Although her initiative and leadership were unquestioned, she was continually surprised at the way in which her own plans and ideals worked out through a different detail from what she had foreseen, often altering themselves as they developed. This great child of hers was outgrowing its clothes, in all directions, and she could not control all its thoughts and actions. The different sections of the country developed different needs and opinions, and were not slow to voice them, through all the able and experienced women who joined the various directing boards.

And though she rejoiced at this and was characteristically delighted at the growing importance of the movement, she was amazed and sometimes highly displeased at the balking of some cherished scheme or the reversal of some personal decision.

Among these was the renaming of *The Rally*. Though warned that it must come, she had never really believed that it would; and only when she was assured that it would never take a place on the news stands or rank as a real girls' magazine without a name of wider interest did she withdraw her active opposition to the Publication Committee's decision.

When the magazine, enlarged, baptized *The American Girl,* filled with pictures and with a bright cover, came out, I didn't dare to speak of it to her, for I knew it was a sore point, that she must resent it and lay the change (perfectly fairly) to me.

But to my surprise she came up to me, drew me aside, patted my shoulder affectionately, and said with evident sincerity, "About that *Rally* —you were perfectly right! It's a much better name—I see it now. I'm very glad we did it. It's going to go much better!"

I decided that this was a big little woman.

And I felt then and feel now that the essence of the Girl Scout spirit could be no better indicated to any of the girls she loved so much! It was the honesty and bravery and fairness of the ideal Girl Scout.

My last picture of her is the most charming of all. The thousands of delegates who have cheered her lovingly in crowded conventions cannot, for obvious reasons, have seen this picture, for there are too many of them. But I wish that they might have; for Girl Scouts must all grow into women, some day, and the picture of a delightful lady in her home should hang in the gallery of every girl's mind and heart.

We were all in Savannah for the convention, and Mrs. Low's happiness in any large, successful Girl Scout gathering was for once swallowed up in the larger joy of having this gathering in her own city. The endless discussions, the reports, the voting, the singing, the crowds in the hotel, the great banquet with speeches and toasts, all thrilled her. She had seen her little clubs grow into a vast national organization—international, even, for European conventions were in the air, and France and India and Scandinavia were scouting! Boards of trade and chambers of commerce and rotary clubs lis-

tened to our speakers and supported us; three religious faiths were represented on our National Board; the wife of the President of the United States wore our uniform. All that Mrs. Low could ever have dreamed had come true, and she was lucky enough to have lived to see it.

And yet, when she invited a half dozen of us to luncheon in her house, she had only one pleasure, it appeared; to entertain us there, among her beautiful old chairs and tables, smiling at us under her old family portraits. She had, it seemed, only one regret; that an unseasonal ice-storm had made the streets unsafe, so that she could not take us about and show us the city.

I see her now, seriously pouring a precious secret batter over an electric waffle iron, making each one of us feel that she was the favored guest. That art of intimacy, the fine flower of Southern cordiality, was at its best in her, and I forgot the Girl Scout convention utterly in the charming hospitality of its founder!

And I have often felt that if some of the critics who have feared at different times that intensive organization on a large scale might threaten the Girl Scouts with militarism or hoydenish manners or commercialism or publicity or undomestic tendencies could have seen the

founder of the Girl Scouts in her own dining room, they would have realized that her *ideal* of Girl Scouting, at least, was developed in a thoroughly delightful feminine atmosphere.

And so I always see her in three pictures—a dauntless little Joan of Arc, planting her precious banner all over the country; a broad-minded administrator, adapting herself shrewdly to changing conditions; a gracious Southern woman, honoring her friends with every means in her hand.

It will be hard for those she brought together to forget her.

XII

OUR DELIGHTFUL COMPANION

Old and young called her Daisy. Old and young were charmed by her unexpectedness, and none more than her nephew Rowland Leigh.

Central News Photo Service

Adoring adventure, never afraid of anything new; when in 1922 she was invited to go up in this airplane, her reply was, "When do we start?"

Her interest in everything that she saw and in everything that there was to see was unlimited

A picture taken the day of the trip to Memnon, stone of Amenhoteb III. Juliette Low is the third from the left

XII

OUR DELIGHTFUL COMPANION

By Rowland Leigh

My aunt Daisy Low once said to me, "You know, Rowley, I'm just a plain woman with some common sense," to which I replied, "I know you're not a plain woman, and you have no common sense—but a great deal of uncommon sense," and this unending store of uncommon sense was, I am sure, the keynote of Daisy Low's character. Her methods were as curious and attractive as those of Alice in Wonderland, the results equally astounding but far more useful. She tackled the impossible with care-free vitality, overcoming the toughest obstacles by blandly ignoring them.

The great work she accomplished for the community is well known, but I wish that I could describe vividly enough the inspiration, humor, and vitality she gave to countless individuals

for she had the gift of turning the most commonplace experience into an adventure compared to which the Arabian Nights seem positively prosaic.

One day, Daisy and I were driving through the crowded streets of Savannah. Fortunately, she was so well known that the pedestrians and other motorists allowed for the fact that she was driving on the wrong side of the road and gesticulating with both hands.

"The trouble about staying in hotels," she remarked, as we narrowly avoided colliding with an uninitiated stranger, "is the fact that one has to get up so early in the morning."

"Why on earth?" I asked.

We drew up with a sudden jerk in front of the post office, a couple of yards from the curb, and she proceeded to explain.

"Well, you see, there are a great many jewel thieves in hotels, and when a thief steals into your room, where is the first place he'll look for the jewels?"

"Well," I answered somewhat cautiously, "I suppose, on the dressing table or under your pillows."

"Just so," said Daisy triumphantly; "so, when I go to bed, I take off my jewelry, stuff it into

the toes of my shoes, and put them outside my door, but I have to wake up before the boot boy comes in the morning, so that he shan't take them away with him."

A gloriously topsy-turvy mind was hers—yet her topsy-turvydom succeeded where the logic of others failed. She was vastly unpunctual, her favorite watch possessing only the minute hand, yet no one accomplished more in less time that she did.

Daisy Low was genuinely original—she did whatever occurred to her, and it never struck her that the thing she did or the way in which she did it was unusual. This, to my mind, is the true test of originality.

Traveling with Daisy Low was also an amazing adventure. The word "adventure" automatically crops up again and again, because everything she did was in the nature of an adventure.

I remember, two or three years ago, she suddenly decided that we would go to Belgium for four or five days. Nobody knew why—she least of all. But she commissioned me to get the tickets, and, by some miraculous fluke, she landed in the actual place for which she had set out. And, in spite of the fact that she managed to

lose her passport and most of her money on the trip over, we eventually landed at Ostend on one of the hottest days I have ever known. We walked about the town for an hour and a half, by which time Daisy described herself as having tiny little shoes brimful of feet, and I suggested that she should buy some canvas gym shoes to relieve the tension. We happened, at that moment, to be passing a shop in whose window there was a card, "English and American spoken." Daisy was inclined to regard this as a slight insult to our native tongue. However, as I explained, they probably didn't know any better! We went in. Now Daisy often got a word muddled and was furious when people failed to understand her. She meant to ask for "sneakers." What she really asked for was "rompers," and I shall never forget the man's face when this request was put to him.

Another time I went out to America with her, and throughout the voyage we played a curious form of double dummy bridge, invented by herself, and since she always made new rules at the most crucial moment of the game, we had many a battle royal over it. When we arrived at Ellis Island, Daisy decided that it was not necessary for her maid to have the fifty dollars

an alien is forced to produce in order to enter the United States.

"Bella has been over to America again and again with me," she explained to the emigration officer. "If you don't know her by this time, you never will."

And, sure enough, Bella entered the United States without the requisite fifty dollars.

Daisy had plenty of money on her at the time, and she was the most generous woman alive, but she regarded incidents of this kind as a game to be won at all costs, and in fairness to her one must record that she usually did win.

Once, in her official position as founder of the Girl Scouts of the United States, she was invited to inspect a girls' school, and she asked me what questions she should put to the head teacher during her inspection.

"Oh," I answered casually, "you'd better ask to see the school curriculum. That covers almost everything."

Daisy was delighted with this plan, and drove off in the highest spirits, but without any gasoline in her car. When she arrived, sure enough the head mistress said to her, "And what would you like to see, Mrs. Low?"

Daisy put on her most casual voice.

"I should like to see the school furnicular," she announced.

"But we haven't got a funicular," said the puzzled lady.

"Of course you have," Daisy replied rather tersely. "Every good school has one."

A light dawned over the good lady's face.

"You don't by any chance mean curriculum?"

"That's what I said," answered Daisy hastily.

And the incident was closed. . . .

Just before she went out to America for the last time, Daisy, who knew that she was desperately ill and more than likely never to return to England, announced that she wished to see the Charlot show of 1926, in which some of my songs were being sung, and as she was deaf she wished seats in the front row of the stalls. These were procured, and on the evening of the performance she arrived with a party of ten deaf people, each of them carrying ear machines and trumpets of different sizes and varieties. Aunt Daisy had an electric one, which helped her enormously, but it had a habit of screaming when the electric connection was not properly made. This she fixed on to the bar of the orchestra and sat down to enjoy herself. I was behind the scenes that night, and half-

way through the performance, André Charlot came rushing up to me. He said, "I am sure your aunt, the one you have told me so much about, is in the front row to-night. She and her friends have so many instruments of so many shapes and sizes that none of the company can play to anybody else in the house."

Afterwards, we all went out to supper and were joined later by Anton Dolin, who was dancing in the revue. Daisy did not catch his name when he was introduced to her, and glibly began telling him about the most beautiful young man she had seen dancing that evening in the play.

"I'm so glad you liked it," he replied, modestly.

"Yes, I've never seen anyone so good-looking in all my life," she continued, blithely unconscious that she was talking to the subject of her admiration.

I leaned over, and explained to Daisy that she was actually talking to Anton Dolin.

She gave him one look, and then nearly burst into tears.

"Oh, no," she cried, "you can't be. It isn't possible. He was so good-looking."

She loved going in motors, trains and aeroplanes because, as is the case with many people

who are deaf, she heard far better in an atmosphere of violent vibration.

On one occasion, she was talking to some stranger on the train between New York and Savannah. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I can't hear very well with all these noises going on."

"Ah," said Daisy, "how I sympathize with you. It must be terrible to be deaf. I can't tell you how sorry I am for those poor people."

"Dreadful," he agreed. "Now, I want to ask you a question." He began asking the question, but at that crucial moment the train suddenly stopped, and Daisy saw his lips moving but could not hear a word that he was saying. She then had to confess that her sympathy was really intended for herself!

I used to stay with her at a little cottage she had taken for the summer at Callart in Scotland. She had no garage for the Ford car she used to take up there, and so she would put it under a large, fairly waterproof sheet for the night. The ground was very uneven, and the car stood at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. When she wished to take it out in the morning, she would sit in it, the servant and I would stand on the edge of the road, beneath which there was

a thirty-foot drop, and when she had taken off the brake, the car, with her in it, would slide backward into our arms. That we were not all killed is the sort of miracle that happened to her alone.

In Savannah everybody knew her and loved her, and so nobody was surprised when, one evening, she gave a dance and forgot all about it. I was staying in the house but had gone out to dine, and so arrived fairly late myself. When I entered the ballroom somebody said, "Your Aunt Daisy seems to have forgotten that she's giving a dance to-night," so I promised to try and find her and remind her of this little fact. I found her sitting up in bed, neatly filing her bills into four packets, marked respectively, "This Year," "Next Year," "Some Time," "Never."

"What are you doing here?" she asked rather severely, as I entered.

"Do you realize you're giving a dance downstairs?"

"Great heavens—so I am. Tell them to start. I'll be down in five minutes."

And she was.

On another occasion, in Savannah, a well-known operatic singer was giving a concert at

the Auditorium. I asked Daisy if she would care to go with me.

"Certainly not," she answered. "I would hear nothing," and I foolishly considered the incident closed.

Ten minutes before the concert was due to begin, Daisy said to me, "You must hurry up, Rowland, or we'll be late for the concert."

"But I thought you said you weren't going because you couldn't hear."

"So I did," she answered, "but I've had a rehearsal since then."

When I asked her to explain, she did so. "I was going down town this morning, and I happened to be passing the Auditorium. I remembered your invitation, and seeing an old colored man lounging outside the place, I asked him if he'd like to earn thirty-five cents. He said he would, and so I took him inside. I sat down in the fifth or sixth row of the stalls and told him to get up on the platform and sing. He said he couldn't sing. I said that didn't matter, that very few people who gave concerts could, but to get up and make a noise. I heard perfectly," she concluded.

And so we went to the concert and both enjoyed it immensely.

I do not think that it is possible to give a true picture of anyone as vital and individual as she was, and one of the proofs of her amazing sense of life is the fact that, nowadays, whenever I hear an amusing story or find myself about to have an enjoyable time, I automatically think, "I must get hold of Daisy. She'll enjoy that so much," and I think—in fact I know—that this is the attitude she would like one to have about her. The last time I saw her she said to me, "I have enjoyed life tremendously. I'm not at all afraid of dying, but I am petrified at the idea of becoming old, a bore and a burden."

She could never have become either old, boring, or a burden, but the fact that she died at the very zenith of her vitality makes her memory all the more vivid.

XIII

ADVENTURING IN EGYPT WITH DAISY

When Juliette Low went to Egypt, she took with her two young girls, Eleanor Nash and her sister. This is the story of what happened there.

XIII

ADVENTURING IN EGYPT WITH DAISY

By Eleanor Nash McWilliam

DAISY LOW first became my dear friend when my sister and I, quite young girls, went with her on a trip to Egypt. My going was accomplished in the impetuous fashion which characterized her. A telegram, thirty-six hours' notice to get to New York from Savannah, where I was at the time, and then the boat. My sister's trip had been planned for many weeks, but at the last minute Daisy decided that she wanted me, too—and I went.

I remember her standing in the hotel sitting room, looking at me as I came in. She crossed to me, put her hand on my arm, and looked up at me. "What *fun* we are going to have," she said. And with those eager words she became for me and has always been since the personification of adventure and romance. She had the

faculty of investing the commonest thing with glamour and charm. Through her eyes pale pink became crimson, and yellow, orange. She was vivid, she was alive, she saw and felt with double intensity, as if her remaining faculties were sharpened by the loss of one.

I have seen her come into a room full of people who were complete strangers to her, a trying ordeal to many who have sound hearing, and within the space of ten minutes gather the interest of everyone in the room to herself. She did not live alone in her world of silence. She brought the outer world into it with the force of her personality and wit.

It was so with our entire trip. Already possessed of a host of friends, she added to their number daily, and the friends she made she kept. There was no such thing possible with her as a casual acquaintance—to know her at all was to want to know her better. And to know her better was easy because she was so interested in you, whoever you were.

Two days out on the trip Daisy announced that she wanted to model my head. Why, I don't know, for it is a very ordinary head. Perhaps she felt that a head was a head. I gave in with as good grace as was possible under the cir-

cumstances—the circumstances being a rough sea, a wobbly boat, and an utter lack of faith in myself as a trustworthy sailor. She piled two cases of coffee on the sofa of her cabin, put a camp stool on them and perched me on the top of the lot. For two hours every morning she worked at her modeling. And when we steamed at last through the green-cream waters of the harbor at Alexandria she threw my head overboard! It did not satisfy her.

We did not land in Egypt as common tourists. Our steamer was at anchor about half a mile from shore when a long, narrow greyhound of a motor boat, manned by three Egyptian sailors and commanded by an Englishman in uniform and red fez, shot out from the stone quay. The passengers rushed to that side of the steamer to see the boat hurl itself through the water and to watch those for whom it came disembark. A noted financier with his army of secretaries and valets went to the gangway only to be turned back. The boat was not for him, he was told, but for Mrs. Low and her party. My sister and I had no idea of the importance to those in power of her coming to Egypt. Nor had she, in the eighteen days that we had spent together on the boat, intimated it to us. Captain George Hunter,

in command of the Coast Guards, was a very good friend of hers, and it was he who had sent the boat. General Sir John Maxwell, the head of the Army of Occupation, and his wife were also devoted to her. Through their good graces we moved through Egypt on velvet wheels.

The trip took place many years ago, and the incidents of it are jumbled together in my memory. Some few stand out in clear detail: luncheons with Lady Maxwell, a delightful and very pretty woman, in her charming house, three nights spent at Mena House in the shadow of the Pyramids, trips through the bazaars where one fought not only with the smooth-tongued Arabs, but with one's own inclinations, not to buy the hammered gold ornaments and the vivid hued or silver shawls. We drank gallons of Turkish coffee, we walked until our feet were tortured, we dashed from one place of interest to another only to be told that there was a third that Daisy, in some fashion, had just heard about and that we must visit before the day was over. Many years younger than Daisy, my sister and I found that we must expend every atom of our strength to keep up with her. She was indefatigable in both spirit and body, and her interest in

everything that she saw and in everything that there was to see was unlimited.

As an example of her undying energy—we were at Mena House and had planned the next day to ride some twenty miles across the desert to visit the Tombs of the Sacred Bulls at Sakarrah. She came into our room early in the morning and told us that a dreadful headache would prevent her going on the ride, but that we were to take her maid, a timid little English girl, with us as chaperon. Both my sister and I offered to stay with her, but she was urgent in her determination to be left alone. So we did leave her alone, evidently suffering and in bed for the day. We got back late that evening, weary from donkey riding, with the yellow desert dust heavy on our clothes, and the maid a bundle of unsettled nerves and aching bones, only to find that during our absence Daisy's head had ceased to ache and that with the help of five Arabs she had made a record ascent and descent of the Great Pyramid.

Among other people whom we met through the Maxwells was an Egyptian, Omar Bey Sultan, a man of great wealth and extreme importance in the politics of the country. Now one of

Daisy's most delightful attributes was her sincere belief in the beauty and irresistible charm of any girl that she was chaperoning. And when she was told that this Omar Bey Sultan was arranging a luncheon for her and for us at the foot of the Memnon, colossal stone of Amenhotep the third, she insisted that we wear thick veils in order not to overpower the poor man with our charms and thus cause international complications.

It was useless to protest. And, although it was an exceptionally hot day even for Egypt, we swathed ourselves in yards and yards of green chiffon, furnished, I might add, by Daisy herself. All morning we suffocated. But at luncheon time we rebelled. We informed Daisy that we could not stand another minute the heat of those veils—and what was more, if she did not allow us to raise them while we ate lunch, we were certain we would not survive. She granted us her permission to unveil, but we were to do it in no precipitate fashion. Inch by inch, in order to avoid the shock to Omar Bey of our suddenly revealed beauty, we uncovered first the chin, then the mouth, and finally the nose and the eyes. Not to our surprise, but I think

to Daisy's disappointment, Omar Bey was not at all overcome.

The luncheon was delicious, served by a host of white-robed Arabs who varied their duties of supplying us with food by fighting off the army of ragged, brown-skinned men and boys who pressed upon us the purchase of Egyptian relics which they swore had been dug up only the day before from some near-by tomb. After luncheon we lay back in the shadow of the two gigantic stone images and rested. Around us were sand and silence, the only sounds an occasional bray of a donkey or the shrill cry of an Arab boy. Back of us across the yellow plains rose sharp red cliffs at whose feet were buried the kings and queens of Egypt and its royal glory. Above our heads the painful, blinding blue of the African sky. And of it all Daisy was a part. Wherever she was, she fitted.

Our trip to the Memnon having been accomplished without disaster, Daisy accepted an invitation to tea in the home of Omar Bey. We were all excited over the prospect of visiting a harem. We first entered the part of Omar Bey's house which had never been seen by an Egyptian woman. It was rarely beautiful with

its open court and its sun-jewel dropping fountain. Then—the harem. We had thought to find at least three wives, and certainly expected to see what women there were dressed in Oriental fashion. Not at all. There was only one wife, and she, in our honor, was dressed in Paris's best! Her jewels were the only Eastern thing about her. Pearls, two magnificent ropes of them, each jewel as big as a chestnut, hung to her knees. And she wore rings with pearls of the same size, three to a finger. She was a distinct disappointment. And we were not less disconsolate than Daisy over it.

When we arrived at Luxor, we found that the temple of Karnak was to be illuminated in honor of the Spanish royal family who were there at the time. By now it seemed quite in the usual order of events for Daisy to have a good friend in the royal family and for us to receive a special invitation to the illumination, which was to be at night. Bundles of rushes piled behind the tremendous stone columns were set on fire at a given moment, and the flames shot up past their lotus crowns, stabbing the blackness. The Temple became a place of splashing red and orange and long-tongued, writhing shadows with ghostly forms, now clothed in crimson

from the flames' glow, now in sable, stealing through its vast echoing walls. An iron-throated French priest recited, *"Vive notre France—éternel . . . "* The words rolled, reverberated from column to column.

It was romance. It was adventure. Through Daisy's eyes I saw. Through her mind I appreciated. With her death came not the closing of a door to a very beautiful part of my life, but the closing of a window of very thick, clear glass through which I cannot pass but where it is ever possible for me to look backward. I have other memories of her—in her gracious house in Grosvenor Street where I spent a London season with her, in her historically interesting house in Savannah—no matter where it was, she was always the same. Never for a moment idle, to her, life itself was really the Great Adventure. She savored its flavor to the fullest, and through her keen enjoyment of it she enabled others to taste of it with her.

Underwood & Underwood

This picture was taken just as the guests at the World Camp and their American aides arrived before the Great Hall of Camp Edith Macy

Underwood & Underwood

A notable group at the World Camp—Front row, left to right: Juliette Low, Lady Baden-Powell, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Mrs. Essex Reade of England. Top row: Dean Sarah Louise Arnold, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, Mrs. Mark Kerr of England, and Mrs. Arthur O. Choate

XIV

HER DREAM COMES TRUE

To have the World Camp of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts meet in the United States was Juliette Low's dream. That dream came true in May, 1926. This story of the camp is written by Jane Deeter Rippin, national director of the Girl Scouts and Mrs. Low's associate in Girl Scouting for nine years.

XIV

HER DREAM COMES TRUE

By Jane Deeter Rippin

ONE morning in the spring of 1925 I received a telephone call from Mrs. Low, whom we had been daily expecting to arrive from England.

"I am at the dock," she said. "And I must see you immediately. I have a plan."

A plan! I awaited her, my mind playing with the most fantastic and improbable ideas of what that plan might be. I did not even approach it. Accustomed as I was to her unexpectedness and dauntless imagination, I was unprepared for the project which she burst upon me.

Before she was fairly inside my office door, she said, "We are going to have the World Camp here next year. I looked it all up on the boat coming over. The immigration restrictions won't matter a bit. The delegates will be only visitors. And the girls can come, too."

The World Camp. Delegates from every country in the world in which there is Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting. The United States an ocean's distance from most of them. I was speechless.

Juliette Low paused only for a quick breath and hurried on. "I talked with the ship's officers about sailing dates, and we can arrange it nicely for next May so that we can have our meeting at Camp Edith Macy and after they have been there I want them to visit Washington, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and Savannah. I especially want them in Savannah."

Camp Edith Macy, our new training camp for Girl Scout leaders, had recently been given us by Mr. V. Everit Macy in memory of his wife, for many years chairman of our executive committee. But as yet it remained a stretch of hillside, ravine—and blue prints! We were hoping to have it ready for our own leaders by June, 1926, but there was much to be done. My brain whirled.

"How many do you expect?" I managed to ask.

"Oh, something over two or three hundred," she replied blithely.

To be followed by a tour of the United States!

I tried to collect my disintegrated thoughts. I knew that since the meeting of the World Camp at Foxlease in 1924 Mrs. Low's fondest dream had been to hold a similar camp in her own country. This camp of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts is held every two years under the International Council. We had all talked of having it here, and our national executive committee had included it among those projects for which we were definitely planning. Already, in fact, we were looking forward to the year 1928 as the time when we should hold it in the United States. But 1926!

I thought of the blue prints, of the roads to be constructed, of the wells to be dug, the water to be piped before Camp Edith Macy could be a camp at all. I thought of the hundreds of our own leaders who would wish to be there with our guests. I thought of the tents that must be bought and pitched, of the meals that must be served . . . from every side there seemed to leap out at me some new detail to be considered.

"Don't you think next spring too soon?" I suggested. "You know the executive committee has thought 1928 the earliest possible date. By

that time Camp Edith Macy will be in full swing."

She rose from her chair and came to my side. "Jane," she said, placing her hand on my shoulder, "if we don't have it next year, I won't be here."

I knew what she meant. In the face above me, I saw unmistakable record of a battle which she was fighting. Yet I saw, too, the same indomitable purpose, the same refusal to yield to difficulties which she had shown, when, alone, she brought Girl Guiding to this country.

"The executive committee meets at Camp Andrée next week," I told her. "Can you be with us to present your plan?"

She promised, and when we all met at the camp the following week, she laid her plan before the committee with an unabated rush of enthusiasm, vividly picturing for us the arrival from abroad of a party of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts with their leaders, which by this time numbered not fewer than five hundred!

The committee were as speechless as I had been the morning of her arrival. And they tried to dissuade her. It was a splendid plan, they told her, but would it not be wiser to wait until Camp Edith Macy was under way and we could

better provide for the comfort of our guests?

Mrs. Low listened but was unmoved. She was more than willing to compromise, she told us, if only the camp could be held the following year. It could be a camp for leaders only. We need not include the tour. Such things were of minor importance, but, "Don't put it off," she begged. "This is the time."

No greater tribute was ever paid Juliette Low than the final vote of the executive committee that day, setting the date for the World Camp to be held in the United States for May, 1926. I shall always remember her face as she listened to the answers to, "All those in favor?" And I knew that each committee member was thinking, just as I had thought that morning in my office, "She is right. This is the time." It was a thought which was prophetic.

None of those who shared in the preparations of the following year will ever forget them. Juliette Low herself, as chairman of our International Committee, with Mrs. Lyman Delano as vice-chairman, sent out the invitations to the headquarters of Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting in all parts of the world, and by return ship the acceptances began to arrive. India, Egypt, Great Britain, Norway, France, Lithuania—

the list was a truly thrilling one. Yes, Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders were coming to us from around the world.

But—the blue prints, the roads to be constructed, the tents to be purchased and pitched! While Mrs. Low was issuing the invitations, others of us turned to Camp Edith Macy and a consideration of the necessary planning. By this time, while we were not including so extensive a trip for our guests as Mrs. Low had at first suggested, nevertheless, we did wish to give them at least a glimpse of these United States aside from New York City and the surrounding seaboard country. Washington, Boston, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls were now in the itinerary, with train accommodations to be scheduled and sightseeing trips arranged for.

Everywhere we met the utmost interest in our plan. It seemed to us that the very magnitude of it rallied everyone to our assistance. Those in charge of the construction of Camp Edith Macy worked at full speed on buildings and roads and wells and water pipes. The steamship company made special arrangements for the party. Girl Scout leaders in every part of the country wrote at once offering to help in any way. And a seemingly impossible task became

Underwood & Underwood

To the camp fire at Camp Edith Macy each guest brought a faggot in token of her country's gifts to the world

Capital Photos

President Coolidge received the Girl Scout and Girl Guide delegates at the White House, May, 1926

one which was accomplished because each person called upon gave to the best of her ability, national committee members, Girl Scout leaders, and members of our national staff alike. It was a time when Girl Scouting was welded together in spirit as never before.

And when April days arrived and we realized that already many of our guests were on their way to us from their distant homes, we looked about us and saw that once more a vision which Juliette Low had seen had come forth to reality. The buildings of our new camp were ready—our Great Hall with its fireplaces, our encampment cabins, our tent sites. The roads were built. The wells were dug—what matter that we did not strike water until the last minute? We found it at last, and it was piped in time.

A group of expert campers, carefully chosen from among all our Girl Scout leaders, arrived in camp early to help with the last of the preparations and to serve as special hostesses and aides throughout the week. Members of our national staff were there ready to do anything and everything that needed doing and to step in on every emergency. For emergencies were bound to occur, we knew. They did. I never recall those days that I do not think, for instance, of our

staff member, a trained dietitian, who was in charge of the meals. She would count, perhaps, on five hundred for lunch. Then cars and cars and cars would arrive, bringing Girl Scout visitors who had come for the day and who greeted us with, "You will have a bite for me, won't you?" In the end, the number served would be nearer six hundred than five. Yet in one way or another our dietitian and those in the kitchens always managed to have food enough for everyone. In one way or another, those acting as waitresses summoned friends in time to help with the serving. It was a week of team work, with no small part of it the spirit of our guests, who adapted themselves to strange food and strange ways with a graciousness that was a delight.

When, the night before the arrival of our guests, those of us who had been counting cots and washing new dishes and distributing blankets, provisions, and what-not all day long, gathered around the fireplace in the Great Hall, we knew that this which Juliette Low had asked and expected of us had already brought us more than we had given or could give. Nor was it only the thought that we were doing it for her. Once again she had pointed the way to us. Her desire had become our desire, the hope that this World

Camp held in our country would mean one more real step toward the goal that was—and is—in our hearts, world peace.

And so, although at the last it was as though we bowed the plasterers out the back door while we welcomed our guests in at the front, nevertheless, we did welcome them. They did come. With four hundred of us from the United States and fifty-six of us from abroad, we did camp at Camp Edith Macy and Camp Andrée, our national girls' camp, across the way. Apple trees and dogwood were in blossom. And Mrs. Low was with us.

As I look back upon it all, pictures of her flash through every memory. There was the morning of the long-anticipated arrival, when the *Olympic* came slowly in at her dock and we knew that our guests were indeed aboard. Juliette Low was radiant with happiness, not content until she had personally greeted each visitor. She gave the speech of welcome at the luncheon in their honor. She was one of the party when they set sail for Boston that evening and later when they were welcomed by the Governor of Massachusetts on the steps of the State House. She was with them when they returned to New York City and motored out to the camp.

I was standing with our American leaders as we waited at the roadside for the cars to appear. It was a beautiful sunshiny day. Along the winding road stood the appointed aides, holding high the flags of the many nations. Each of the guests from abroad was to have an aide to help her in the camp, and already she had been told that she would find her aide beneath the flag of her own country when she should alight from her motor.

Mrs. Low and Lady Baden-Powell were in the first car. Mrs. Low stepped from it, greeted us gaily, and turning around promptly became one of the welcoming committee. From the time it had been given us, Camp Edith Macy had been to her the only possible place to hold the World Camp. She loved it all—its hills, its woods, its sudden ravines. She loved the small encampments hidden away among the trees with beautiful views on every side.

When each guest had found her aide beneath her flag, we climbed the hill to the Great Hall. Here, shortly, with logs crackling in the fireplaces at either end of the room, we sat down to supper. Here Mrs. Low and Lady Baden-Powell greeted us. Here, in the evening, with soft candles alight, we dedicated the camp in

Mattie Edwards Hewitt, N. Y.

The Great Hall of Camp Edith Macy—one of the twenty-three buildings constructed between the time Juliette Low announced the plan for holding the World Camp in this country and May, 1926, when the guests arrived

Wide World Photos

The happiest day Juliette Low ever knew in Girl Scouting was that on which Sir Robert Baden-Powell came to the World Camp

memory of Edith Carpenter Macy. Here upon the fire each delegate placed a faggot in token of the gifts of her nation to the world. The World Camp had begun.

These were the lines spoken by each delegate as she placed a faggot on the Council Fire:

AUSTRIA:

Austria brings the music of her great composers, which stirs the hearts of all the world.

BELGIUM:

The old lacemakers of Belgium, with nimble fingers, have woven a web of beauty; in the same way does Guiding interweave the children of all nations into a pattern of service and sisterhood.

CANADA:

Over a hundred years of peace, with never the report of a gun, between the country of Canada and this land of America; I bring neighborliness.

CHINA:

China brings to the world her ancient civilization, her great philosophies, and her exquisite porcelain.

COSTA RICA:

Costa Rica brings her store of brown coffee berries and golden bananas.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA:

From Czecho-Slovakia, where music lives in the heart of the people, I bring cut glass and many tinted Slovak pottery.

DENMARK:

Our land of Denmark, where beechwoods are reflected in the sea, sends from her green pastures and golden meadows dairy products for all nations far and near. And children all the world over listen spell-bound to the fairy tales of Andersen.

EGYPT:

From the land of pyramid, palm and pylon; from the Guides of fourteen nations, I pray the prayer that the Easterns do: "May the peace of the Allah abide with you."

FRANCE:

France, the sower of great and generous ideas, once sent liberty to the American people by the sword of Lafayette. The French Guides of to-day, send to the Girl Scouts a sisterly greeting.

GERMANY:

Germany, the country of the philosopher, will have many thoughts to give the world.

GREAT BRITAIN:

Scouting and Guiding, opening up fine and rich ways of living to boys and girls everywhere, England brings across the seas to all countries.

IRELAND:

From Ireland comes the legend of the Celtic past, which lives in poetry forever.

SCOTLAND:

Scotland, my country has for centuries past sent sons and daughters to settle in the lonely places of the earth.

HUNGARY:

Hungary for a thousand years has stood for God and country as the bulwark of Europe. Though mutilated now, her spirit still burns brightly.

ITALY:

Italy has given birth to the immortal poetry of Dante, the inspired genius of Michael Angelo, the daring of Columbus, the prophetic science of Galileo, and the divine charity of St. Francis.

JAPAN:

The land of cherry blossoms brings the art and literature of an ancient civilization.

JUGO-SLAVIA:

In my country, Jugo-Slavia, which has stood for freedom and independence, the people work with their hands to make beautiful things in metal and in colored silk and wood.

LATVIA:

Latvia sends grain and timber from her seaports on the blue-green Baltic sea.

LUXEMBURG:

Luxemburg, my country, a narrow frontier belt, a Duchy rich in mines, brings iron.

THE NETHERLANDS:

From my country come the bulbs you plant in your gardens, Rembrandt's glorious paintings, and the great idea of world peace, conceived by Hugo Grotius.

NORWAY:

My country is a maritime nation, and Norway, dependent on the open routes of the sea, brings food to all Europe.

PALESTINE:

Among the mountains of Palestine—in the walled city, are the holy places of three great religions.

POLAND:

The white eagle of Poland flies again over the country that through generations has stood, and still stands, for civilization and Christianity in Eastern Europe.

PORTUGAL:

From the Portuguese I bring the spirit of adventure that made them sail the seas to the East and West in search of new lands.

PORTO RICO:

From the land of bright sunshine, I bring sugar for the world.

SOUTH AFRICA:

From South Africa, gold and diamonds I bring.

SWEDEN:

The land of mountains and forests, of torrents and waterfalls, is the home of a people who have learned that from close contact with nature comes health of body and mind. Physical culture I bring.

SWITZERLAND:

A little country set amidst the mountians, Switzerland has won her heritage of peace. Herself a federation of cantons, she offers now to the world a home for the League of Nations.

TURKEY:

Turkey, the youngest republic, greets her older, greater sister, the United States. Our gifts to the world are tobacco to cheer and comfort, carpets to warm and adorn, and figs and raisins to nourish and sustain.

URUGUAY:

From the rolling, grassy plains of Uruguay, with its lowing herds and bleating flocks, and rustling wheats, I bring greetings.

DEAN ARNOLD: And now, in the light of our world camp fire, we dedicate ourselves anew to the brotherhood of nations and the good will that shall encircle the world and abide forever and forever.

I am going to ask you to stand still while we all sing "taps."

TAPS

Day is done:
Gone the sun
From the lakes
From the hills,
From the sky,
All is well;
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

The story of those days on the beautiful hills of Westchester County when Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders were with us from thirty-nine countries is best told, I think, by our guests themselves, in the accounts of it which they wrote after their return home and sent to us. From the many which we should like to publish, we have selected two to give here— the account written by Miss Mary Lagercrantz, Chief Guide of Sweden, and that written by Mrs. Mark Kerr, delegate from Great Britain.

Each morning, as we looked over the programme for the day, Mrs. Low would say to me, "Now, don't let's forget the girls to-day, Jane." She was fearful lest, in our absorption in the necessary details of promoting our organization, we would overlook the reason for that organization's existence—our girls.

I remember her delight in the Japanese delegate's story of her girls' first camping trip on the coast of Japan and of their thrill in their outdoor cooking. I remember her appreciation of the bright embroideries done by girls of Czecho-Slovakia, brought by their delegate. "We must publish some of these designs in *The American Girl* for our Girl Scouts," Mrs. Low said. I can still see her, carrying about with her the Dutch doll, dressed for us in native costume by the girls of Holland. And I can hear her merriment over the Dutch delegate's efforts to negotiate a steep grade, on a rainy day, in her wooden shoes.

Nothing that happened during the entire week more deeply pleased her than the writing of this poem by one of our own leaders.

The Time of Little Leaves

by Elizabeth Kemper Adams

In the time of little leaves we are met together,
When the year is fresh and young;
And all the little leaves in the soft May weather
Are speaking in youth's own tongue.

Tender greens and pinks and browns clothe the hills
before us,

Where the dogwood's wings spread white;
And all the little leaves are flickering in a chorus
Of youth and youth's delight.

In the stillness of the morning with the wood thrush singing
Through the silvery mauve and blue,
The little leaves are murmuring that the hours are winging,
And that youth is wistful, too.

When the stars are wide over quiet, fragrant places
And the sleepy sound of streams,
The little leaves are breathing through the shadowy spaces
That youth is as long as its dreams.

All the little leaves of all the world are speaking—
Listen to the whisper of every little leaf—
That youth is gay and youth is sad and youth is ever seeking,
And youth is old as human hearts, and beautiful and brief.

Only a spirit as unconquerable as Juliette Low's could have done what she did that week. The pictures taken of her then show her alert to all that was happening around her, a woman of greatest zest. Each day she was in and out among the campers, chatting enthusiastically with small groups under the trees. Only those of

us who lived with her in the little white farmhouse belonging to the camp knew what that effort cost her, or guessed that there was no single hour of the entire time when she was without pain. She would have hidden it from us, too, had she been able. Nevertheless, she was supremely happy. She had lived to see the World Camp of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts meeting in her own country.

The happiest day of all was that when Sir Robert Baden-Powell came to us. It was a beautiful May day. Through the lines of waiting friends, beneath colorful flags gorgeous in the sun, Juliette Low conducted the founder of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides to the large white tent where the meeting was held.

She herself introduced him. "If only I had words to express what we in America and all the international delegates and visitors feel about having with us to-day, not only the creator of Scouting, but the Chief Scout," she said. "But I have not the words. The minute I try to express myself I become inarticulate."

And it was significant to us that the following words with which Sir Robert concluded his own talk were those which Juliette Low had expressed to us many times throughout the week:

"If there could only be that feeling of good-will and coöperation which we wish for the world to-day, because good-will and coöperation seem to me to be the key in bringing the world together in friendliness, in doing away with all possibility of war in the future.

"I have so often read, recently, of the horrors of modern war, of the threats that the wars of the future will be even worse—a playing upon the fears of people to prevent war. It doesn't seem to me that this is the highest line to take. One would wish to see pointed out the disgrace of war in these civilized times, of some substitution of love and good-will between the peoples that should make war impossible, not because we are afraid of war, but because we are afraid of being disgraced by war.

"And it seems to me that there is the possibility upon us even now of bringing about such feeling. This movement of Girl Guides—think of it, spread about into almost every country—has gained a footing which I am assured is sound; it has come to stay and it is going to spread. It began only a few short years ago with a little group of girls in London. Out of that little group has come this vast family, growing every day and growing rapidly, not merely in size and numbers but more especially in knowledge, the spirit and the ideal—and passing that ideal on to the next generation. And what is that ideal? Isn't it the expression of love, of goodwill, of doing their bit to help other people and trying to help others, not merely looking after our material in-

terests? Well, if you can do that, if you can spread that, you are going to do a greater thing than you ever thought when you first took up Guiding. But it is the possession of every country. It puts everybody into a position of being able to do not only a great thing for her own country but a great thing for everyone across the world beyond her own country, and that is what lies before us.

"A year or two ago one might have said this and people would have replied that it was a very nice dream but how could it ever be brought about with countries divided as they are by the seas and divided by natural prejudices and dislikes? You never could bring it about. Yet there it is. Here you are. You are here from all those different countries. You go back to your homes and spread the same love that you have got amongst you here, the same comradeship among your boys and girls, the future citizens. They spread it amongst their children and their friends, and in the end, where are we? We have got people imbued with the idea that they are friends, they are comrades, and who is going to make them fight?

"What I ask of you is to go from here full of the thought that you are going to promote peace and good-will, that feeling, that spirit amongst your young people, and then indeed we shall see what we have been praying for brought into real being in this world— a kingdom of God, and peace and good-will among men."

XV

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WORLD CAMP AND INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE 1926

These impressions were written shortly after their return to their own countries by Mary Lagercrantz, Chief Guide of Sweden, and Rose Kerr of Great Britain.

XV

THE WORLD CAMP

By Mary Lagercrantz

It seemed unbelievable that the idea of having the 1926 World Conference in America really should come true. If it is possible to speak of an "enormous" hospitality, then certainly this expression applies to the invitation that came from American Girl Scouts in the spring. Indeed, it was a great moment in the history of Guiding and Scouting when delegates from almost every country met in London on April 26th in order to sail for America.

We had already experienced at Foxlease in 1924 that Guiding and Scouting is a continually growing world of its own, and we felt it again when we gathered at the luncheon party which Princess Mary gave for us—foreign delegates—in London, before we sailed for America. It was a happy party whose picture was taken outside Chesterfield House with Princess

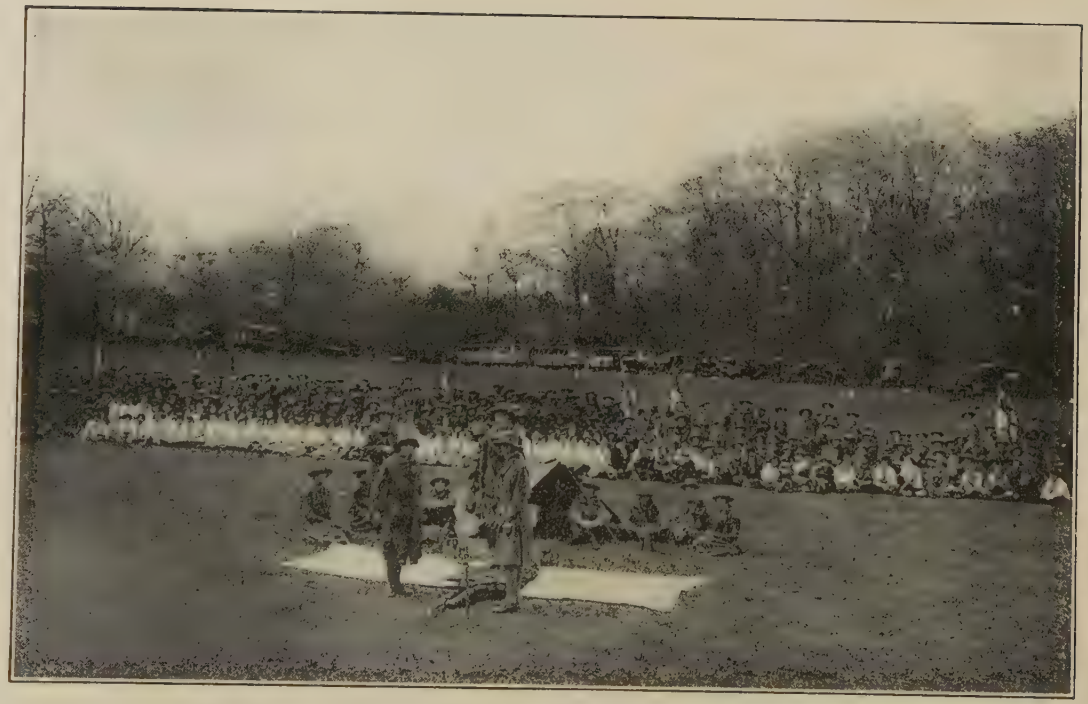
Mary in the middle. Little did we then know how many uncountable times photographs of this group were going to be taken during the weeks that were to follow. We didn't know that we should stand one sunny day outside the White House in Washington with President Coolidge in our midst, or at Camp Edith Macy, each one beside the flag of her nation, or in New York in front of the City Hall surrounded by skyscrapers and the bustling life of the New World. But there was a great deal we didn't know *then.*

I am not going to attempt to describe our visit to America, nor to give an account of what we did each day, otherwise I would have to write a whole book. But there are some pictures which I see whenever I close my eyes, and those I will try to give.

First, I see a crowd of Girl Scout uniforms on the pier in New York, happy faces, handkerchiefs waving to welcome Sister Guides and Sister Scouts from Europe. I see Mrs. Choate, Mrs. Delano, Mrs. Edey, Mrs. Rippin, all with a kind word for everybody, arranging everything, baggage, transport—all. I see a long row of motor cars, in which we all drive along Fifth Avenue without stopping once, the traffic being

Wide World Photos

Sir Robert himself planted the first tree in the World's Highway at Camp Edith Macy, where to-day stands a tree of remembrance for every country represented at the World Camp



A stunt at the Westchester County Girl Scout rally attended by the delegates. Each troop was given five minutes in which to demonstrate some activity of Girl Scouting

held up for us, people staring. Would this be possible in any other country, I wonder? Was it not a thoroughly American welcome, thrilling and unusual?

Then I see the hall in the Colony Club in New York, where the Manhattan Council gave their welcome-luncheon for us. The first words had been said, everybody was standing up, there was a moment's silence—the Girl Scout Promise was repeated by representatives from thirty-six different countries. Thus began the visit to America and the 1926 World Conference.

After a night's boat trip along the coast of New England I see quite another picture. I see a beautiful spring morning—sun is shining, birds are singing, Girl Scout delegates are wandering about in the grounds of Camp Cedar Hill, outside Boston. For the first time they are realizing the wideness of the American country, the open spaces, the brightness of the spring sun in America, and for the first time, too, realizing how open are the hearts of American people.

Then I see Rock Creek Park in Washington, green and unspoiled, with the dogwood in full bloom and the water in the creek pouring forth. Is there a city in the world as green as Washington? With the charm of the South it combines

the intense life that must be felt in the city, where all the threads of the United States leap together, where so many big plans have been made, where the great thought—Pan-America—has its symbol: the Pan-American Building.

I also see the private garden of Mrs. Hoover, right in the middle of Washington City. It is a dark, warm Southern evening. Candles shine on the dinner tables laid in the garden, Negro girls are singing Negro spirituals from the balcony—all is peace and stillness after a day full of impressions.

And so this part of the trip ended. It seemed to us impossible to grasp the organization of it all, the wonderful planning, the arrangements, the thinking that was behind it. None of us who took part in it can ever forget what America did for us during those days, and the face of Mrs. Lyman Delano will always be connected in our minds with the moving picture of the visit of the European delegates of New York, Boston, and Washington.

The second part of our visit to America was the conference at Camp Edith Macy. The moment we arrived at camp and were received by Mrs. Rippin and her leaders, we knew what it would be like. And also the words of welcome

from Miss Arnold told us something about the spirit of the week we had before us; while Mrs. Low, who had been with us from the beginning, had made us feel how truly the Americans looked upon us as their sisters.

Only the future will be able to show the result of this conference, as it has done of the one at Foxlease. But already we can say that the week at Camp Edith Macy brought forth a closer contact and a better understanding between the different nationalities. The feeling of good-will has been growing in these years and is working its way toward peace. I believe this is the strongest and best impression we have to carry home with us from the days of conference.

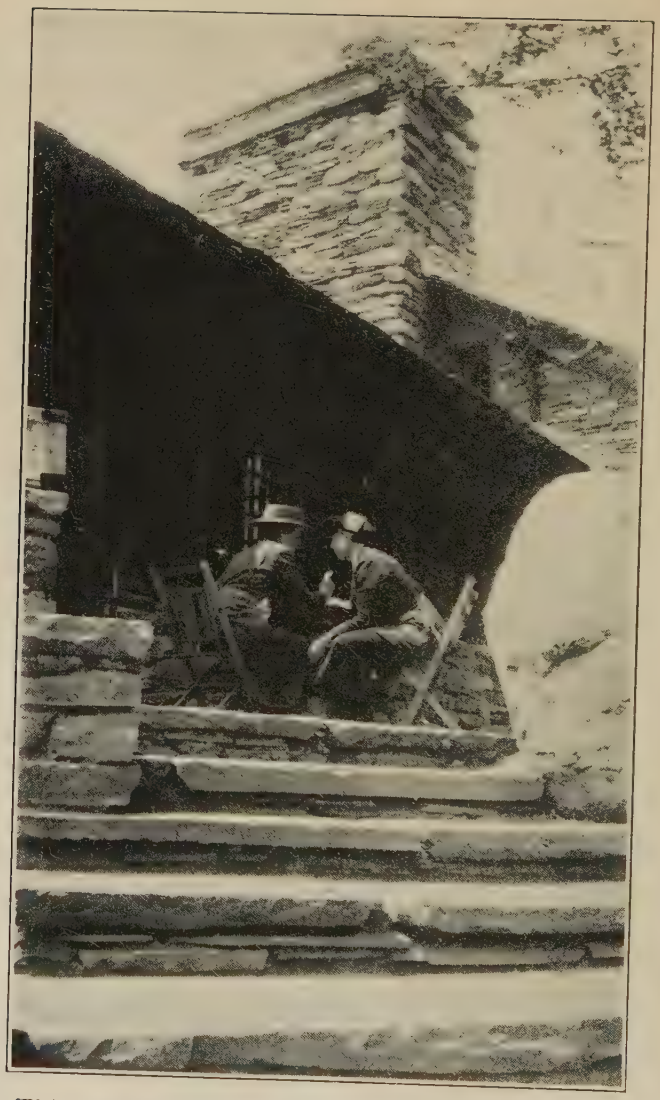
But the thought came to us this time more clearly and more strongly than ever before, the thought that Guiding and Scouting is a constantly growing power in the world. If we lead it wisely it will give results which we now cannot see. But if we don't lead it wisely, then we have spoiled the talent that was given to us.

This thought is serious, but it also gives us a more optimistic outlook on Guiding and Scouting, because of the great possibilities that we find there. And, thinking of us who work in this

movement, I would like to repeat the words with which Dr. Vincent ended his speech at the conference. He said something like this: "A work or an interest should not be regarded as a sacrifice. We do not work in the altogether right spirit, until we have come to the point where we feel that we, in our work, are having *the time of our lives.*"

International News Reel

Leading the march at the Westchester County Girl Scout rally for the International delegates



This picture of Juliette Low talking with Lady Baden-Powell shows her as she was at the World Camp—alert, energetic, vivid.

THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE CAMP EDITH MACY

MAY 11 TO 17, 1926

By Rose Kerr

AFTER two wonderful visits to Boston and Washington, during which we had the opportunity to learn what American hospitality and kindness can be, we drove on the afternoon of May 11th through the beautiful country on the banks of the Hudson till we reached a rutty lane, turned through a gate, swung up a steep hill, and landed at the door of the Great Hall of Camp Edith Macy.

Four hundred acres of wooded hillside had lately been given to the Girl Scouts of the United States by Mr. V. Everit Macy in memory of his wife, Edith Carpenter Macy, who was one of the first people in the United States to believe in the movement, and who for six years was the chairman of the National Executive Board.

The camp building, consisting of a central Great Hall and of several encampments hidden in the woods higher up the hill, had been designed by Mr. James Y. Rippin, husband of Jane Deeter Rippin, the national director of the Girl Scouts, and were finished only just in time for the International Conference. Mr. Rippin disclaims the title of architect and prides himself on being an "old-fashioned craftsman." Nothing could be more simple, more fitting, or more beautiful than the Great Hall, built of the natural gray stone of the hillside, with its wooden beams, planed by hand, its bronze sconces, its tables and benches, in which not a single nail had been used, and its huge stone hearth in which a log fire is always burning. On the fire-screen two pine trees, cut out of iron, are silhouetted against the blaze behind.

On the first evening there took place the formal opening of the new camp. The story of Mrs. Macy's connection with the Girl Scouts was told us by Dr. James Russell, Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, who was the first to enlist her sympathy in the movement. He spoke to us about the first hard beginnings, of how he himself had been interested

in Guiding by the dauntless personality of Mrs. Low, how he in turn had succeeded in interesting Mrs. Macy, and how since that time it has gone ahead because it has been needed by the girls of the United States.

Then the international delegates lined up inside the hall, each with her flag borne by an American aide beside her. Each one marched up to the fire and threw on it a bundle of wood tied up with fern, saying at the same time what gift her country had given to the world.

Next morning we all assembled outside the Great Hall for colors. Those who had no flags to carry went ahead up the hill and took their places near the great flagstaff under the apple trees in flower. Then came the procession winding up the hill, each delegate with an American aide beside her carrying the flag of her country. On reaching the hilltop the flags were planted in holders, forming a huge circle, and the delegates stood behind them.

The color guard of the United States, wearing the crimson sashes of their office, then advanced, and the Stars and Stripes slowly rose to the top while "America" was sung, and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Each member of the

company stretched out her right hand and, pointing to the flag of her own country, made the pledge of allegiance:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the country for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

After we had recited the promises and the laws of the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, the old color guard transferred its sashes to the new guard which was to take its place, and the procession returned to the Great Hall.

The conference sessions were held in an enormous marquee called "The World" which had been erected for the occasion on the level ground below the terrace. We assembled there on the first morning to hear the Chief Guide speak on Guiding and Scouting throughout the world. Mrs. Essex Reade, chairman of the International Council, told of its work, and then began the international roll call which, as each speaker was eager to relate the different achievements, plans, and difficulties of her own country, lasted over three or four days. Each delegate had an interesting story to tell, and we should have been glad of time to discuss the questions suggested by each report.

Each day of the conference brought new speakers and speeches, and it is impossible to do more than mention a few of them. The speech which I remember best was made by Mrs. Rippin, who glanced backward at the rapid growth of Girl Scouting in the United States, and forward at the immense possibilities that lie before it in the way of securing health and good conditions for the girls of the United States. "How has it happened," she asked, "that so often in the turning point in a girl's life the wrong people happen along, and the much needed helping hand is not held out? Surely our business is to see that no girl can remain alone and friendless for lack of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides to set her on her way."

Mrs. Herbert Hoover spoke to us on the importance of camping, and of the interesting way in which Guiding has been adapted in every country. In the Great Hall one evening Dame Katherine Furse spoke to us of the ideals which underlie Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding, and of the spirit in which alone they can be carried on.

And there was one memorable afternoon when we waited for the arrival of the Chief Scout. At last he came, walking through the double

line of flags up onto the platform, whence he spoke to us and told us of the part which the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides were to play in preventing the international disgrace of war.

After the session the Chief Scout planted the first tree in the World's Highway and each delegate planted a different kind of tree, while the beautiful "Tree Song" was sung by the Americans. In the evening the Chief Scout spoke to us again in the Great Hall.

The sessions were all presided over by the national president of the Girl Scouts in the United States, Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, whose untiring patience and kindly wisdom helped us all through this "adventure in comradeship." One session of the International Council was held at which France suggested that one day in the year should be set apart for all Girl Guides and Girl Scouts to think of each other, and the day chosen for this was February 22d, the birthday of the Chief Guide and the Chief Scout.

There is no space to tell of the drive over the Storm King Highway, of the hospitality extended to us by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and by Mrs. Walter Rothschild in their beautiful country places, or of the delightful rally of

the Westchester County Girl Scouts. Each of the twenty-four troops taking part in the rally was given five minutes to demonstrate some activity of Girl Scouting. Not a single leader appeared on the scene. The Girl Scouts were left to do it all themselves, and the ingenuity shown was remarkable. Each exhibit of the twenty-four troops was unique.

One evening we had a camp fire in the Great Hall which became a blaze of color from the national costumes of each delegate. Those of Jugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia were especially beautiful. Italy and Austria each sang peasant songs with a guitar, Japan taught us a game, and our hostesses told delightful stories.

The week came to an end all too soon, just as we had come to know each other well and to get over the difficulties of language. We all felt that we were but at the beginning, that we could profitably have two or three more weeks in discussing the questions which affect our work. It was sad to part from new friends and to break the threads which were being strung from one to another. But we all went on our separate ways with the certain knowledge that there is in us one mind and one spirit, whatever our nation or creed.

Mattie Edwards Hewitt, N. Y

Breakfast together under the trees during the World Camp

Bella

XVI

DAISY LOW AS I REMEMBER HER

Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide and first president of the International Council, writes of Juliette Low's interest in girls around the world.

XVI

DAISY LOW AS I REMEMBER HER

By Olive Baden-Powell
Chief Guide

THE very first time that I saw Daisy Low was on board ship early in 1912, when she was making the historic journey back to America from England, carrying in her mind the plans for sowing the seeds of the Guide movement in her own country for the first time.

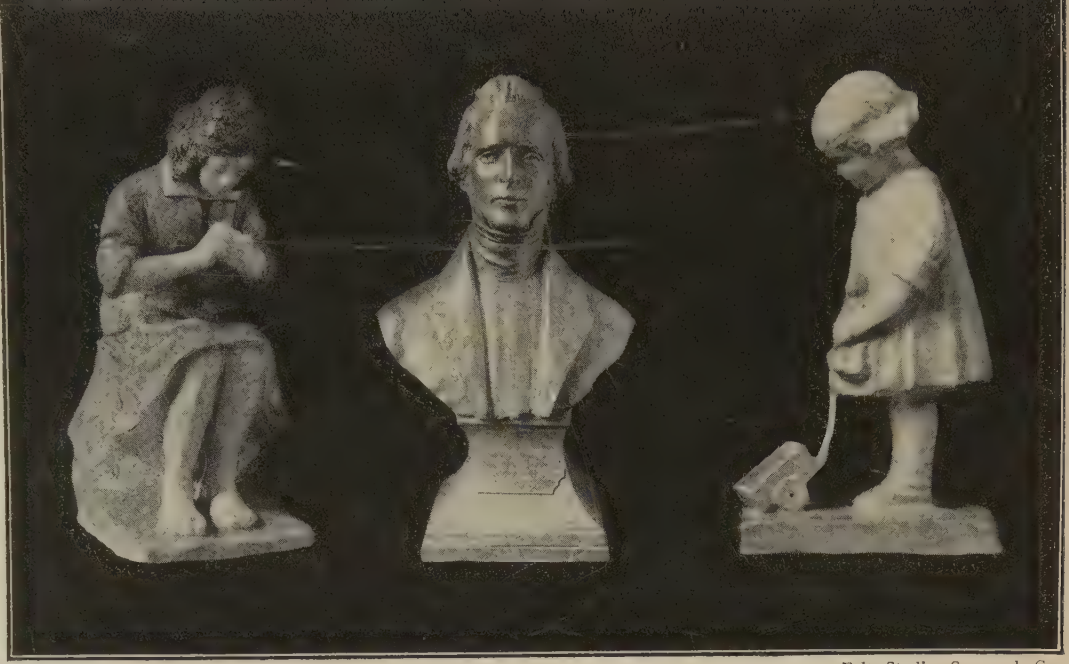
During this voyage weather was rough, and she was far from well. But whether she was lying in her cabin or walking or sitting up on deck she was hard at work, writing, thinking, talking, and planning out her schemes for promoting the work which she felt was bound to succeed if only she could get it safely launched.

As the years went on, through the difficult time of pioneering the Girl Scout movement in its early history, she often would write telling us of her doings, of her failures and of her

successes. Sometimes there would be a ring of sorrow and anxiety, showing that her task was none too easy, and well can we all remember the time when Girl Guides and Girl Scouts were not in the happy position that they hold to-day.

After the dark war years were over, Daisy was able to visit England once more, and it was in 1919 that she rejoiced in a new vision of what her movement was going to mean, not only to the girls of America and of Great Britain, but to the rising generations of peoples of other countries throughout the civilized world. The value and uses of the movement were being recognized by girls and women of many different nations, hands were groping through the darkness of the passing clouds and catching hold of friends with common ideals and a common cause, and bit by bit Guiding and Scouting for girls became international in character, and dreams of a world sisterhood came into the realms of reality.

Daisy Low, with her strong vivid personality, with her quick eager grasp of big ideas, threw herself wholeheartedly into the promotion of this budding world cause. She became one of the first members of the International Girl Guide



Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ca.

Left: *One of her own Girl Guides posed for her when Juliette Low modeled this Scotch girl at her knitting*

Center: *This bust of her grandfather, W. W. Gordon, modeled by Juliette Low and brought to her room the Saturday afternoon before she died, now stands in the city hall of Savannah*

Right: *Her last piece of sculpture, a portrait of her grand-niece, made by Juliette Low in September, 1926, three months before she died*

Foltz Studios, Savannah, Ga.

Juliette Low had this photograph taken especially for her Hallowe'en birthday message of 1924. She and her girls are standing in the same yard where the first Girl Scouts met in 1912

Council, and whenever it was possible she exchanged visits and lent a helping hand to the girls of different nations who came across her path, eager to bring about better understanding between those of varying nationalities, the good feeling between all being the aim ever before her eyes.

And so the last time I saw Daisy was at this wonderful crowning time in her life, when at last she saw gathered into the land of her birth girls' leaders of many nations for the World Camp.

I shall never forget the hour when, awaiting the arrival of Sir Robert, the founder of it all, Daisy Low, Anne Choate and I strolled along the sandy lane, the bushes swaying in the wind, and the country all ablaze with the glory of the spring. How *happy* she was! Her wish had been fulfilled.

She loved her growing family of the Girl Scouts of America just as she would have loved her own child; she loved the Girl Guides of old England, for from them her first inspiration had come; she loved the gray-clad "sisters" of Poland, the green uniformed stalwart girls of Norway, the East Indian guides in their flowing saris—all were the same to her—just the

same young things, drawn into the magic circle which she, in her turn, had fashioned and made strong.

So my memory of Daisy is all happiness, for she achieved what she set out to do, and she passed on her way having shared and given happiness to so many countless thousands of others.

XVII

COURAGE

The story of Juliette Low's last days, told by Helen Ferris, for five years editor of *The American Girl* magazine.

XVII

COURAGE

By Helen Ferris

JULIETTE LOW had faced death many times before 1926. She had suffered much pain years before she began her Girl Scout work and had never given in to it. Service meant everything to her. Pain and death were incidentals which she ignored, when often to another it would have been impossible. Girl Scouts should know that what their delicate and deaf founder did for them with gayety and cheer, in spite of her handicaps, was but a continuation of her courageous life. She had an unswerving belief that when she should die she would see those whom she loved, who had gone before, and meantime there was to-day. Life to her had always been gloriously worth living. It was gloriously worth living on whatever terms.

During the last year of her life those who met her casually had no idea how ill she was, nor did

she tell them. Even her intimate friends did not sense the truth. She was so exactly as she had always been, vividly interested in all whom she met and what they were doing, bubbling with enough Girl Scout and Girl Guide projects to keep her busy for at least a hundred and fifty years, varying them with her modeling and always as amusing as ever with her stories and her unexpectedness.

When in November, 1926, she said good-bye to her friends in England, her words were not those of farewell but of the future—of what those friends were now to do for the widening and deepening of the world sisterhood of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts and for the bringing of the world peace which to her was the greatest hope of all. Nothing really mattered to her now but that.

When she landed in New York on the fifth of December, she was very ill. She had been ill on the steamer, yet had refused to be a sick woman. Every day she had taken a walk upon the deck.

"I must have my fresh air, Bella," she said to her maid Bella McDonald. "You know that."

From the steamer she went directly to the home of her sister, Mrs. Parker, in Hutton Park.

She remained there ten days, three of which in succession she devoted to seeing Mrs. Rippin, Mrs. Delano, and Mrs. Choate. She sent for them, saying she must talk to them about the international council. She must tell them what she believed should be the next steps.

The day Mrs. Choate came to see her, Mrs. Low was very tired. Mrs. Choate entered the room, determined to stay but fifteen minutes. Mrs. Low would not consider it. Mrs. Choate was to stay until she herself had said what she wished to say. It was not a conference. Juliette Low did the talking—for three quarters of an hour. At the end of it, she lay back exhausted but happy. She had outlined her plan. She was confident it would be carried out.

The plan in which she was so vitally interested was that of holding regional conferences of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts and their leaders in neighboring countries, just as regional conferences of Girl Scouts in neighboring states are held during each year in various parts of the United States. In this way, she thought, representatives of these neighboring countries could meet together more frequently, in greater numbers and more intimately. She expressed ap-

preciation of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, with whom this suggestion had originated; and then plunged into action.

"We must get together right away with Central America and South America," she announced. "In Hawaii, because it is so central."

"Hawaii?" asked Mrs. Choate, a trifle dazed.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Low.

"But Hawaii is in the middle of the Pacific Ocean," objected Mrs. Choate.

"Oh, maybe I mean Hayti, then," said Mrs. Low serenely—and went on with the details for the conference!

From Hutton Park she went to Richmond, Virginia, stopping off to break the journey with a short stay in the home of relatives. While there she became so much more ill that in order to gather strength for continuing her trip to Savannah, she entered a hospital. In the hospital she made friends with all the doctors and nurses of the staff.

The stay in Richmond was marked by an accident to Bella. Going out to post a letter, Bella was struck by an automobile and taken to another hospital. Her forehead and hand were cut and she was badly bruised. The doctor decreed she must remain in the hospital overnight. Early

the next morning, however, despite the eleven stitches in her head and the three in her hand, Bella arose. No one in the hospital ever knew quite how early it was—five o'clock, possibly four—for Bella was determined no one should stop her. She dressed and hurried over to give Mrs. Low her morning tea which she was convinced the nurses could not possibly prepare as her mistress liked to have it.

It was an instance of the devotion which Juliette Low inspired in those who were associated with her. And it was a reflection in Bella of years of association with a woman who recognized no obstacle when she had something to do.

Mrs. Low's sister, Mrs. Parker, and her brother, Arthur and his wife, had meanwhile come to Richmond to go with her to Savannah. On the morning of the departure, Mrs. Parker arrived at the railroad station before Mrs. Low.

"Where is Daisy?" she asked of her cousin whom she met.

"Daisy? Look!" he exclaimed.

There was Daisy, bolt upright in a wheel chair, talking animatedly with the porters and relatives who surrounded her. She was laugh-

ing and they were laughing. Only the wheel chair was suggestive of illness. At her feet, completely hiding them and banking her with long shoots of green, were large ferns in their pots.

"What are those ferns for?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"They were sent to her in the hospital," replied the cousin, "and she is going to take them to Savannah."

Mrs. Parker sighed. "We have plenty of ferns in Savannah," she said.

"She wants them, let her have them," said the cousin. And into the drawing room the ferns went, along with the bags, Mrs. Parker, Bella, and Mrs. Low herself.

This was ten days before she died.

Her sister Mrs. Leigh with her daughter Peggy Leigh had now arrived from England. Mrs. Low was happy to be in Savannah again, in her own home and with all her family around her. Her attitude toward death was that she had always accepted the ultimate going as a natural part of having lived. When she had to face it—she was ready.

On Thursday, January 13th, she was deeply touched to receive flowers and a telegram from the National Board of the Girl Scouts who

were meeting that day at the national headquarters in New York. "You are not only the first Girl Scout," the message read, "but the best Girl Scout of them all."

"Bury this with me, Bella," she said.

She was much concerned, those last days, over the shipment from England of a bust which she had modeled of her grandfather, former Mayor of Savannah. This bust, which was to stand in Savannah's city hall, was on its way but had not arrived.

"I want to see it again," she said. "Before I die, I want to know it got here."

Mr. Arthur Gordon, her brother, located the bust upon a foreign steamer, due to arrive in Savannah on Saturday afternoon, January 15th. He knew that the customs offices closed on Saturday afternoons, and he was afraid that Monday might be too late. So he went to the customs office and explained the situation. The customs official at once offered to lay the matter before the men of the dock, saying that if they were willing to give up their Saturday half-holiday to load the bust on the truck, he himself would gladly go to Mrs. Low's home, there supervising the unpacking and so meeting the customs requirements. The dock hands, who knew of

Mrs. Low, were more than willing. And to Mrs. Low's great pleasure, she was able to see the bust in her own room that afternoon, to direct exactly where it should stand in the City Hall and to know that it had safely reached its destination.

The day before she died she wrote the following letter to the friend whom she had loved since her boarding-school days, Mary Gale Clarke.

DARLING GALE:

Thank you for your beautiful telegram and for the flowers, such lovely roses.

How nice it is to believe we may meet in the future for, Gale, we have loved each other many years, and our love will always endure after death. I am weak, so I can't write a long letter.

Give my love to Anne, and make her realize that when she took up Girl Scouts she gave me one of the happiest hours in my life. I can't write more just now,

Devotedly yours,
DAISY LOW.

Putting down her pen, the old wit flashed. The room was already filled with flowers, but Bella arrived with a new bouquet. Mrs. Low looked at it appreciatively, then said with a twinkle, "What, more flowers, Bella? If this keeps up, there won't be any left for the funeral."

What courage!

On Monday, January 17, 1927, the day of her death, she asked that her will be brought her, as there was something she wished to add. She had spent much loving care in the preparation of that will, leaving to the Savannah Girl Scouts the little building at the back of her garden where the first group of them had met so long before and where they still came every week. But there was one clause which she wished to include. It was the last thing she did, an act of thoughtfulness for one of her family.

She was buried in her Girl Scout uniform, the Girl Scouts acting as guard of honor; the flag on the City Hall at half mast. And when her will was read, this was the last paragraph:

I trust I have left no enmities, and I leave and bequeath to my family my friendships, especially my beloved Girl Scouts.

XVIII

TO YOU, GIRL SCOUTS FROM YOUR FRIEND, JULIETTE LOW

These messages to the Girl Scouts were written by Juliette Low on her birthday, Hallow-e'en, and were published in *The American Girl* magazine.

She loved to visit Girl Scouts in all parts of the country. Here she is with the girls of Barrington, Rhode Island, in May, 1925

Blues & Co., Ahead

To give girls moments such as this Juliette Low brought Girl Scouting to the United States

Whenever a Girl Scout asked her for her photograph, Juliette Low was apt to choose this. It was one of her favorites

XVIII

TO YOU, GIRL SCOUTS, FROM YOUR FRIEND, JULIETTE LOW

Hallow-e'en, 1923.

MY DEAR GIRL SCOUTS:

My message to you to-day must be a very personal one, because it concerns the day of my birth. So, setting modesty aside, I must talk a great deal about myself.

When one thinks of the thirty-first of October, one associates the day with All Hallow-e'en, when fairies, imps, and witches fly about. And on that night I made my first appearance in this world!

Long before I was born, lads and lassies of ancient times celebrated the night by testing their fortunes, bobbing for apples, and playing many a joke on the credulous person. Little did I dream when I, myself, was young and tried these Hallow-e'en pranks that I should live to

see that day turned into a Girl Scout founder's Day. So you will understand what a thrill of gratitude comes over me.

One's birthday should be the day for good resolutions. And there is a suggestion by Arnold Bennett which may be of use to you, as it has helped me. He calls it an aid and says, "The deliberate cultivation of the gift of putting yourself in another's place is the beginning of wisdom in human relations." To put yourself in another's place requires real imagination, but by so doing each Girl Scout will be able to live among others happily.

Your friend,
JULIETTE LOW.

Hallowe'en, 1924.

DEAR GIRL SCOUTS:

It seems only yesterday that I sent a message to you on my birthday, for birthdays come round very quickly when one is old! And much has happened since October 31, 1923.

To me, one of the most important and interesting events of all the year just past is the purchase of our new National Girl Scout Headquarters. I am like the old woman who lived in

the shoe! And now the shoe has become too small for the many children and we must have a building that will be large enough for us all.

At this birthday time of mine, it has been your custom to have Founder's Day programmes in your troops. It has been an inspiring thought to me to imagine these troop meetings of yours, Girl Scouts, ready to do your share in this splendid Girl Scouting of ours.

This year we have before us a most important task, that of helping to raise money for our own national headquarters. Our committees, our commissioners, our officers are busy with plans for this. But what, you ask, can Girl Scouts do? A great deal. You may stand ready to give service when you are called upon. But most of all you may constantly show the older friends of Girl Scouting how much it means to you to be a Girl Scout. . . .

I am thinking of you to-day and in spirit I am with you. On Hallow-e'en, which is my own birthday, I shall be joining in your games with you. For it cheers me to think that the Founder's Day of the Girl Scouts and All Hallow-e'en, which brings us so many charming games, are so associated. For Girl Scouting is a game, too.

I hope that during the coming year we shall all remember the rules of this Girl Scouting game of ours. They are:

To play fair.

To play in your place.

To play for your side and not for yourself.

And as for the score, the best thing in a game is the fun and not the result for:

"When the Great Recorder comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game."

Girl Scouts, I salute you.

Your friend and founder,
JULIETTE LOW.

Hallow-e'en, 1925.

DEAR GIRL SCOUTS:

I am thinking of each of you to-day, as I send you my birthday message. May the year that lies before us all bring us further than ever before toward the realization of our Girl Scout ideals.

Your editor has suggested that perhaps I might tell you what Girl Scouting means to me.

I wish that I might. Yet I find that I cannot put into adequate words all that I feel Girl Scouting has meant to me. And I realize that each year it has changed and grown until I know that, a decade from now, even a year from now, what I might say of it would seem like an echo of what has been instead of what is.

At our Boston Convention last May, our retiring president, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, said that Girl Scouting can be known only by living. And this is my feeling as I write to each of you, through our magazine.

Mrs. Hoover said that defining a Girl Scout is like putting a flower or a plant into an herbarium. The life, the perfume, the changing color and nodding personality escapes. So, today, instead of trying to tell you what Girl Scouting means to me, I should like each of us to ask herself, "Where is Girl Scouting leading us?"

Sir Robert Baden-Powell answered that question several years ago when we were traveling to my place in Scotland. Sailing along the loveliest part of the Scotch coast, the Isles of Bute, he told me of a word used by the natives in Africa: *Ipesi.* This, being interpreted, means

"Whither?" He said that each letter might stand for one of the principles in Girl Scouting and that these basic principles will never change:

I for Inspiration
P Possibilities
E for Example
S for Service
I for Ideals

If we can follow the suggestion of *Ipesi,* we shall know Girl Scouting through living, and we may make it so much a part of our everyday life that people will recognize the Girl Scout spirit and say, "Why, of course. She is a Girl Scout."

And so to you, Girl Scouts, come my heartfelt best wishes for the days that are before us. As you gather in your troops to celebrate our Girl Scout Week in November, think of the girls around the world who are your sister Girl Scouts and Girl Guides. Truly, ours is a circle of friendships, united by our ideals.

Your friend,
JULIETTE LOW.

A FAVORITE POEM OF
JULIETTE LOW

WE CALL THIS LIFE

By Douglas Malloch

We call this life, that is life's preparation,
We call this life, a little time of tears;
But think you God for this designed creation,
A few short years?
If this is all, then why these worlds around us,
And unseen skies, and undiscovered stars?
I wonder, though one little world we found us,
Why God made Mars?

A million spheres, and ours one tiny planet,
Eternity, and earth a little span—
I cannot think for this that God began it,
That God made man.
I eat, I drink, a little gold I win me,
One world enough for my necessities,
But something else, some other thing within me,
Does none of these.

My soul has little use for earthly treasure,
  Comes not to table, wears no silk or wool,
With all our playthings, finds its only pleasure
  The beautiful.
So many things my soul has naught to do with,
  To which the man of flesh so fondly clings;
Shall that soul die when these things I am
      through with,
  The fleshly things?

God made for man an earthly habitation,
  The body soil in which the soul may grow,
This little life is but the preparation
  The soul must know.
And then some day man's errors overcome him
  The body fails, the soul alone is wise;
And then the God that takes one small world
      from him
  Gives him the skies.

Reprinted from *The Heart Content,* by Douglas Malloch. Copyright 1927, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., publishers.

A TRIBUTE

BY

DR. JAMES E. RUSSELL
Dean of Teachers College
Columbia University, New York

Mrs. Low was a patriot whose interest lay in the development of young womanhood; an idealist who dreamed dreams that can be realized; an executive who knew how to engage others in a service that commanded her whole heart; an American whose sympathies embraced the whole world, and whose faith was inspired by peace on earth and good will among men.

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